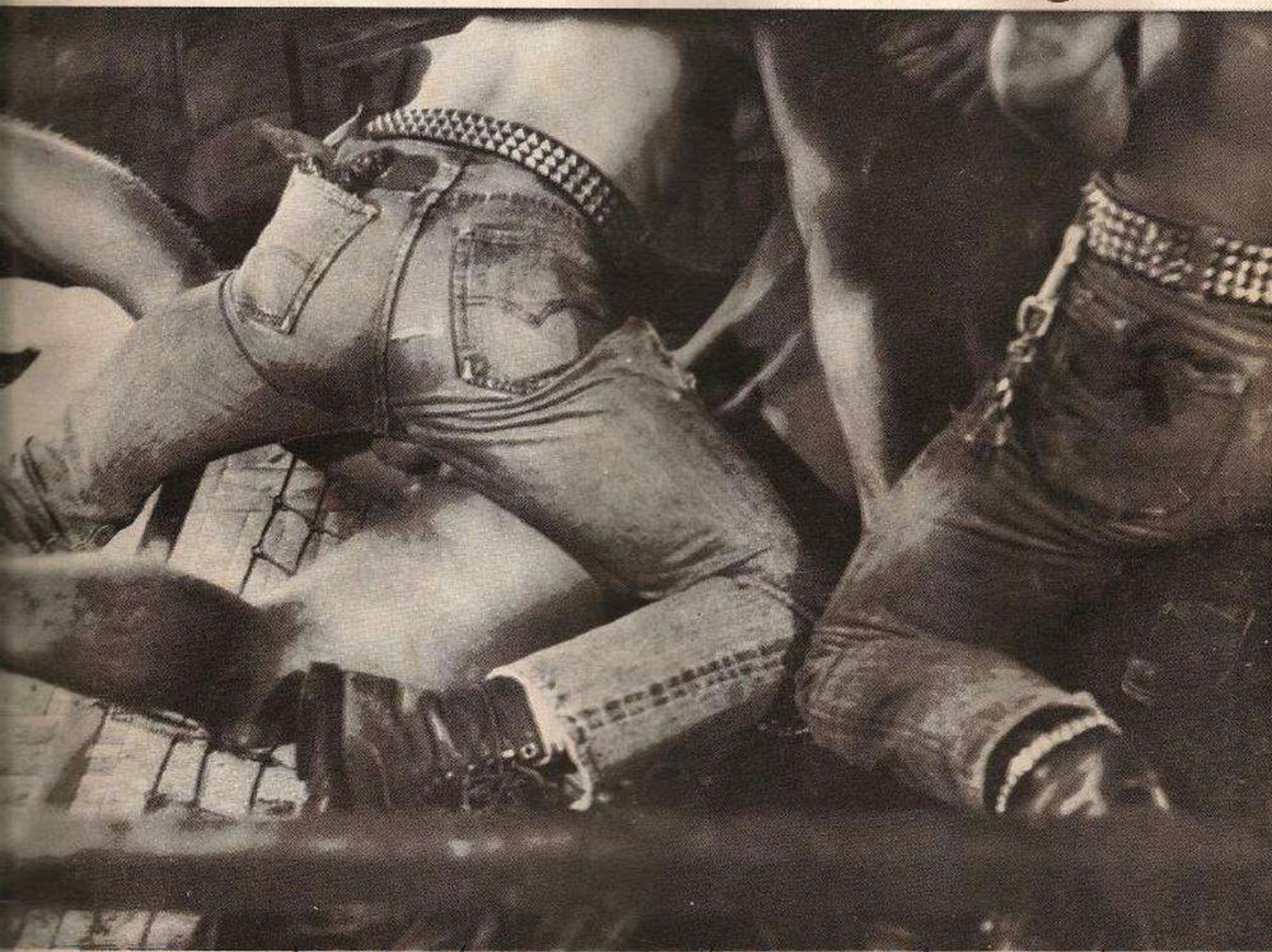


DRUMMER

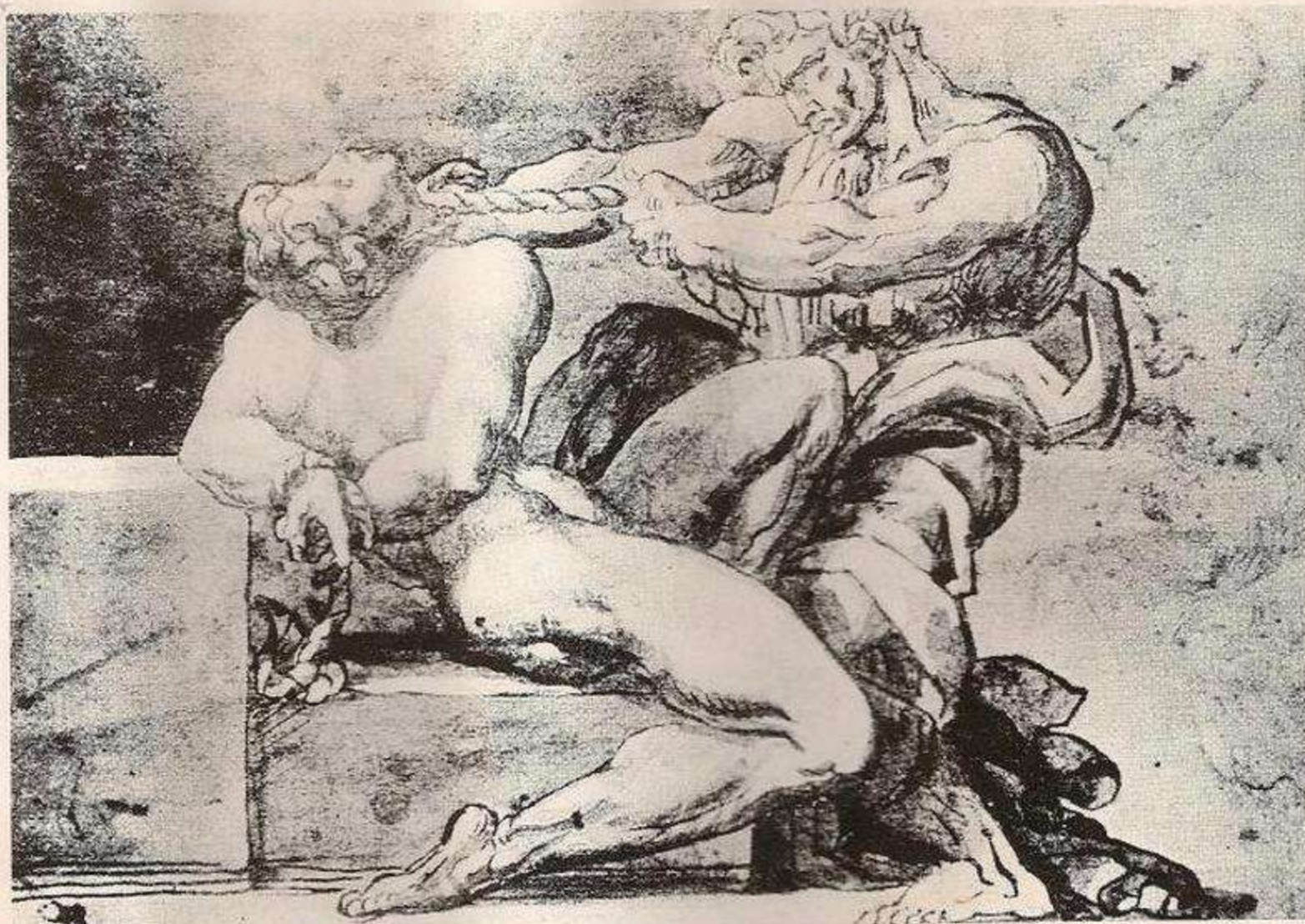
the leather fraternity



HALSTED / OPEL / BARNEY / PAYNE / DEAN / BUD

THE ONE PUBLICATION DEDICATED TO THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE **250**

the leather fraternity does not make belts.*



NUDE BEING TORTURED Theodore Gericault

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY is a select group of interested, and interesting, Leathermen the world over ... men who like to get what you have to give, or vice versa. It is, moreover, a guaranteed, discreet method of meeting people who balance your particular wants and desires without your having to suffer the possible embarrassment of asking dumb questions in a heavy leather bar.

There are numerous advantages to membership in THE LEATHER FRATERNITY. Elsewhere in this issue you'll notice listings of FRATERNITY members. As a member yourself, you'll have the privilege of contacting those members who appeal to you. You, too, will have such an ad listing ... absolutely free.

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Annual membership in THE FRATERNITY is only \$25, including, of course, a year's free subscription to DRUMMER, itself a \$15 value. Interested? Then simply fill out, clip and mail the coupon below.

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THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
Box 8444
La Crescenta, California 91214

- ☐ I'm curious. Enclosed is \$1 for more dope. I understand that I can apply this to my year's membership fee.
- ☐ I know when I'm whipped. Enclosed is \$25 for the confidential membership application.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



*However, we might be able to arrange it so that you can give or get a few....

join up!

DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —Henry David Thoreau

coming up:



JIM'S S&M GYM
a new look at working out



**TRIUMPH OF
THE BLACK PIPE**

the patient died but the operation was a success



FALCONHURST
the "Mandingo" series
of American slavery



BORN TO RAISE HELL
new movie will burn up
the screens it's shown on

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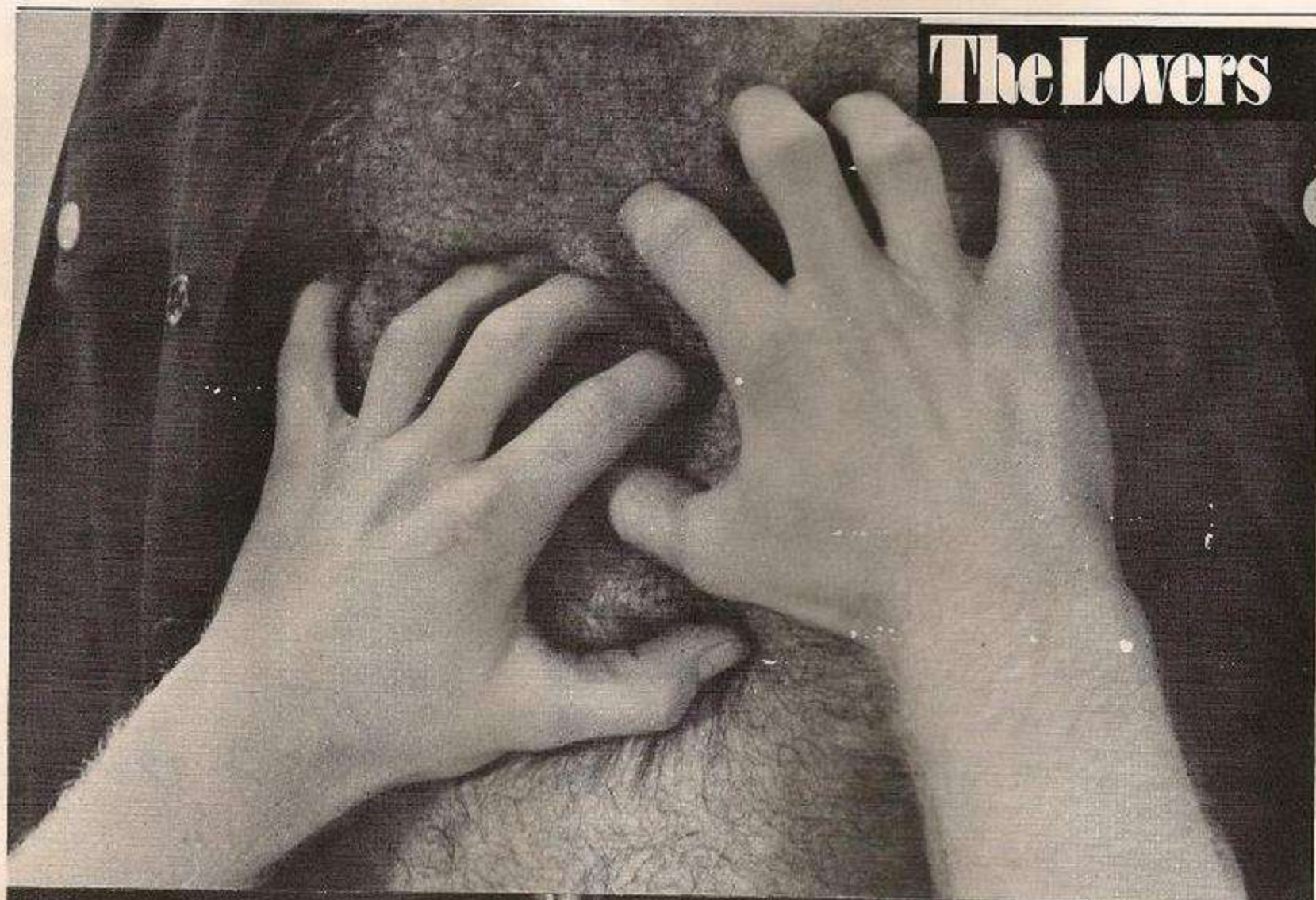
CONTENTS FOR THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT LEATHERMAN

VOLUME I, NUMBER II, AUGUST/SEPTEMBER, 1975

- 4 **STILLS FROM "SEXTOOL"**
Fred Halsted's erotic romp is now a book
- 6 **THE LEATHER FRATERNITY**
bigger and better each issue
- 7 **SMOKE FROM JEANNIE'S LAMP**
more S&M wisdom from a famous lady
- 8 **GOLDEN SHOWER FESTIVAL**
"piss on you" can mean many things
- 10 **EXCERPTS FROM THE "STORY OF Q"**
Robert Payne's adaptation of "O"
- 12 **THE MAKING OF A MARINE**
a pictorial recruiting poster
- 14 **MOVIE REVIEW OF "ROLLERBALL"**
as seen by Robert Opel
- 17 **THE PHONE-IES**
telephone sex is a national pastime, says J. Barney
- 18 **SHAVING YOUR SLAVE**
do-it-yourself series by Robert Payne
- 19 **REIKER**
Robert Opel's photographic discovery
- 24 **"TAURUS" CENTERFOLD**
no-bull astrology by Bud Larson
- 28 **REQUIEM FOR A TOOLBOX**
photographic Opel essay on a beloved bar
- 30 **IDOL**
first of contributed fantasies by readers
- 31 **DRUM BEATS**
a little fun, a little inspiration
- 32 **LOOKING BACK AT S&M**
the jockstrap version of yesteryear
- 34 **DIARY OF A SLAVE - PART I**
the true odyssey of a mail-order slave
- 36 **MORE MOVIE MAYHEM**
as Hollywood discovers machismo
- 38 **FRED HALSTED'S COLUMN**
speaks for itself -- about violent movies
- 42 **THE MALEBAG**
dear sir
- 44 **LEATHER BAR SCENE**
updates wheres and whats
- 46 **IN PASSING**

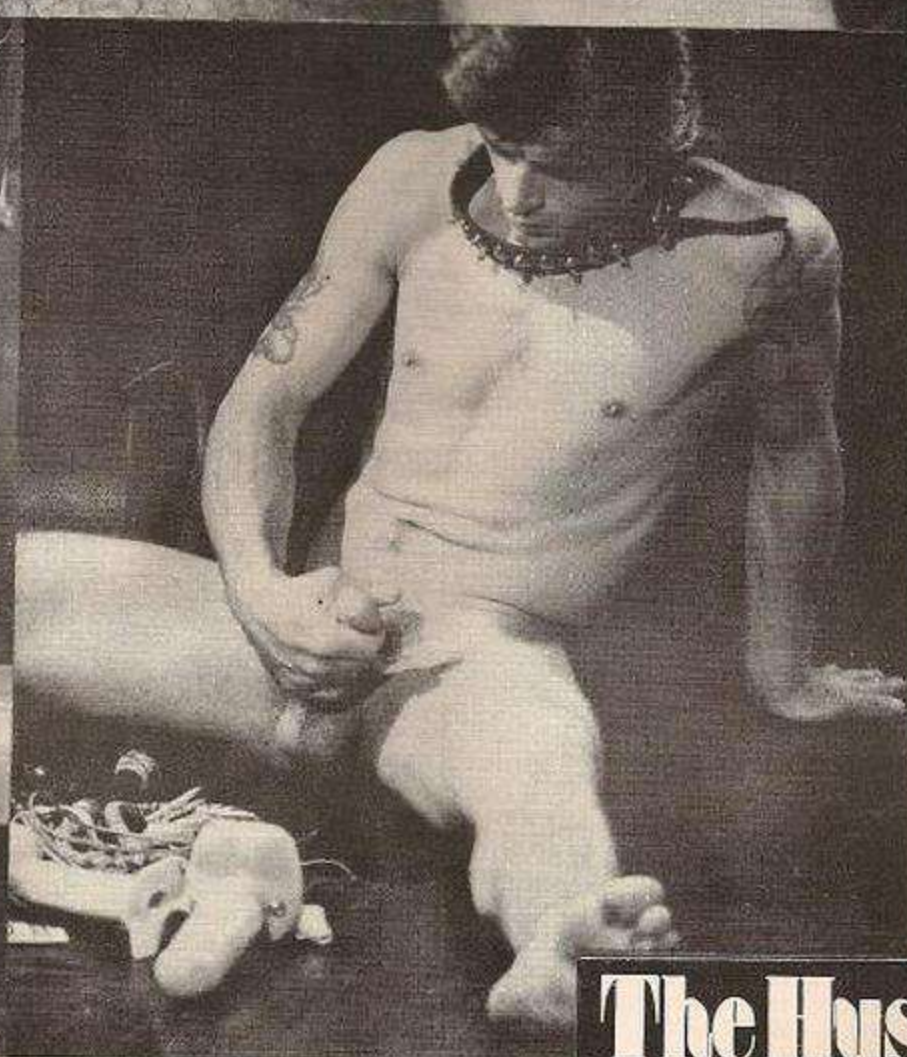
SEX TOOL

The Lovers



The Party

DRUMMER 4



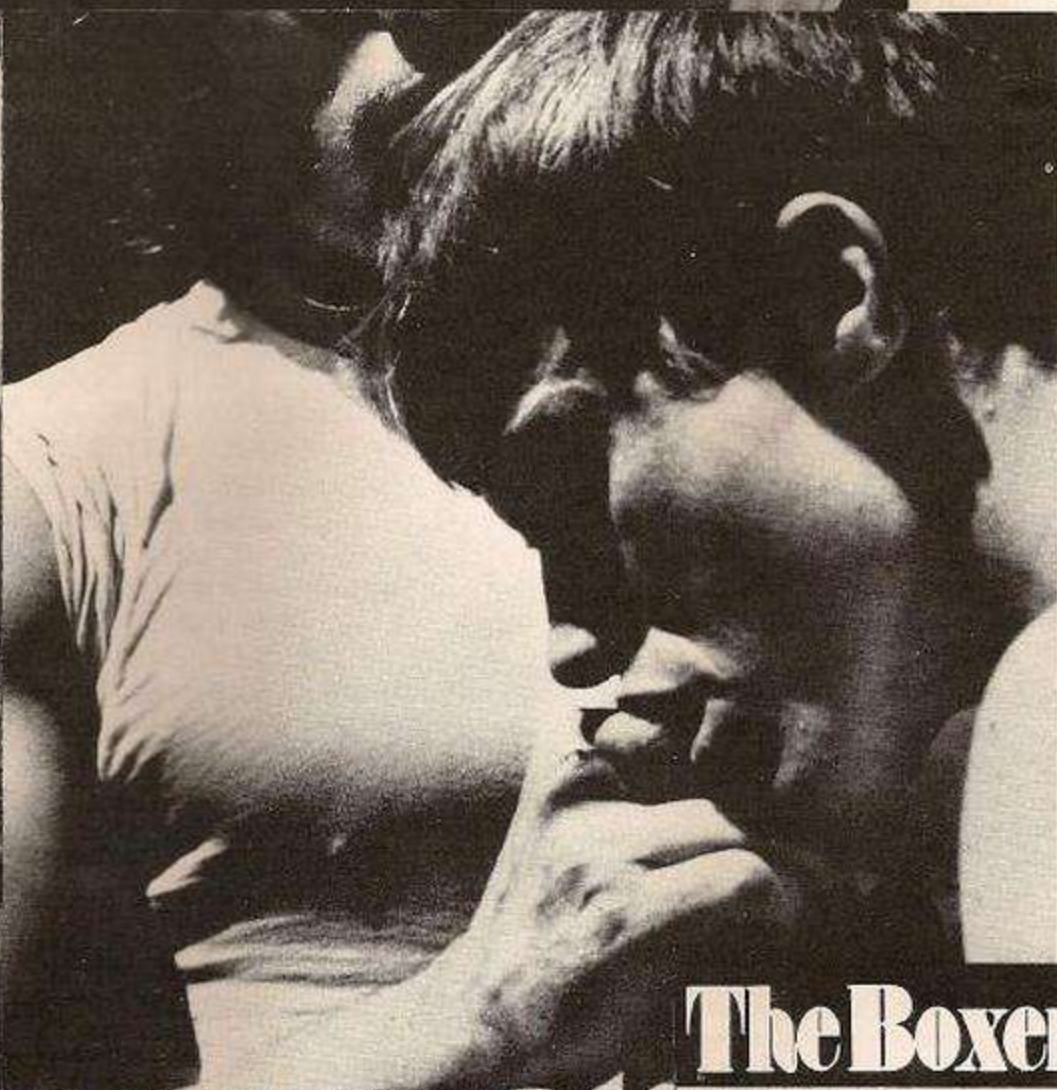
The Hustler

FRED HALSTED'S NEW MOVIE IS NOW A PICTURE BOOK.

The Cops



The Sailor



The Boxers

HERE ARE SOME SCENES!

"USE/ABUSE/EVERYONE/EVERYTHING" SEXTOOL now available in 48 pages of movie stills in book form from ROBERT PAYNE, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90029 priced at \$7.95 [plus \$1 for First-Class postage].

the leather fraternity

Target



Here's how members of THE LEATHER FRATERNITY may contact other members whose listings appear below. Write a letter and put it into an envelope which you then **stamp** and **seal**. In **pencil**, write the member's box number on the front of the letter and send it to THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, Box 8444, La Crescenta, California 91214. Your letters will be forwarded the same day we receive them.

ALABAMA

FORT PAYNE. M. Pisces. 5'7". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Unusual, slow pain experiments. No Booze, drugs. Box 071.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 51. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 014Z.

PHOENIX. S. Libra. 36. 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endowment important. No olds, femmes. Box 250.

CALIFORNIA

ANAHEIM. M. Pisces. 23. 5'9". 150. White. 6½". Novice. Obedient to master who earns it. Long hair preferred. Box 052G.

BUENA PARK. MS. Cancer. 26. 5'7". 125. White. 7¼". Completely inexperienced. Prefers moustache only. Box 051A.

CARLSBAD. M. Leo. 42. 5'9½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

CLAREMONT. SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10½". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No ferns, TV's, hustlers. Box 500.

CORONA. M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good-looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

DALY CITY. S. Pisces. 42. 5'8". 135. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Demands good service from sincere leather-lover. Would like to correspond with other Masters. Box 314A.

GARDEN GROVE. MS. Virgo. 43. 5'7". 150. White. 6". Novice. Obedient Slave seeks knowledgeable partner. No drugs or permanent relationships. Box 051G.

GLENDALE. M. Libra. 47. 5'10½". 155. White. 6¾". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37. 5'10½". 165. White. 7¼". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for Complete Bondage Master. Box 051H.

HOLLYWOOD. S. Libra. 45. 6'1". 185. White. 7". Expert. Firm but compassionate. Seeks permanent houseboy. Will train. Husky preferred. Box 071X.

HOLLYWOOD. MS. Taurus. 39. 5'9". 155. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Body-builder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311.

HUNTINGTON PARK. M. Pisces. 35. 6'. 170. White. 6½". Novice. No femmes. Box 310.

INDIO. SM. Leo. 43. 5'10". 155. White. 6¼". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

LA PUENTE. M. Gemini. 37. 5'9". 168. White. 7½". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

LAGUNA HILLS. S. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 8½". FFA top. Must be obedient and eager to please strict master. Box 220A.

LAKEWOOD. SM. Libra. 60. 5'8". 130. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks affectionate, discreet boot-lover over 30. No drinkers, heavy smokers, dopers. Box 080T.

LONG BEACH. MS. 44. 6'. 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants same age or younger for strip games, mild SM. Will exchange roles with right guy. Prefers inexperienced. Box 020.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 165. White. 5½". Novice. Likes heavy action on balls. No fats. Box 010.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 31. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers motorcycle owner. Box 030.

LOS ANGELES. M. Gemini. 34. 5'11". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. No fats. Box 050A.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 42. 6'1". 180. White. 6½". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine body-builder type with large cock. Box 050S.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Capricorn. 40. 5'9½". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced M also interested in working as associate S. Good body a must. 115.

LOS ANGELES. S. Virgo. 25. 6'. 145. White. 9". Knowledgeable, versatile. Desires masculine policeman or CHP. Prefers motorcycleman. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 166.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Novice. No booze, drugs. Looks not important, but must be over 38. Box 167.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 48. 5'10½". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. M. Libra. 42. 5'6½". 135. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Leo. 30. 6'. 155. White. 7". Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, olds. Box 307A.

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7". 138. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries. 52. 5'9". 145. White. 5". Old hand. Has has laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

MENLO PARK. M. Aries. 6'. 185. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M.

MISSION BEACH. M. Aries. 43. 5'7½". 155. White. 7½". Novice. Needs to be humiliated and forced to do things against his will. Virgin ass. Box 026M.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MS. Aquarius. 45. 6'1". Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

MORTON GROVE. SM. Sagittarius. 36. 6'. 150. White. 8". Novice. Wants partner who digs good S&M sex and is willing to experiment. Under 36 and no hard drugs. Box 180W.

SPRINGFIELD. MS. Aries. 49. 5'8". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, hairy men for bondage, 30-50 preferred. Box 335.

SMOKE FROM JEANNIE'S LAMP

NOTES ON CABBAGES, KINGS, QUEENS, AND CHICKEN BONDAGE

Dear Jeannie:

I was both happy and surprised to see your column in DRUMMER. Happy, because I've always enjoyed it, but surprised to find you in an S&M mag. There can't be that many S&M problems, can there? Anyhow, I hope that's not all you're going to handle, because I have some questions.

During oral or anal intercourse, I can't reach an orgasm. However, if I lie on a bed or the floor and fantasize that I'm doing it with another guy, I climax readily. Because of this, I've lost out on some meaningful relationships.

Could the problem be that, although I'm 36, I never masturbate? Or because six years ago I was circumcised and maybe a nerve was damaged? Or because I used to go without sex for six or seven months at a time?

Jim
New York, New York

Poor baby!

Actually, I don't think that any of the things you mention is the basic problem, although they may all contribute to it. Masturbation is almost a necessity, not only because it's a release but because it helps one to know his own body better and, thus, let others know how to please him. Circumcision could have damaged a nerve, but it's far more likely that the head of the penis has simply become a bit desensitized from the constant friction of clothing. Abstinence can shut off desire, but your desire is obviously still active.

It's apparent that you get off on fantasy, which is fine. But the next time you're with a real guy, let your fantasies run wild. You'll probably discover that getting off on a combination of fantasy and reality is double the pleasure, double the fun!

My dear Miss Jeannie of the Lamp:

I understand that you are searching for the truth about C&B. Well, you might consider CHICKEN BONDAGE. I remember when I first heard this expression. My dear late great Aunt Selma used to use it when she went into our mid-Western farmyard and grabbed that chicken

by its neck. As she danced around the chicken pen wringing the chicken's neck, she used to sing those words, "Chicken Bondage," so we would all know what was on for supper. She was a great one for making a chicken. We often wondered why she never went for the roosters.

The last time I saw her, she was dead. I understand a chicken bit her tit off, and they could not stop the flow of blood. Even in death she looked great in her leather hip boots and bra. I did think they could have left the whip out; they did bury her with their her favorite dildo, which she fondly called "Gertrude," coming from the German meaning spear and strength, of course.

Believe me, my dear Miss Jeannie, Chicken Bondage isn't everything it's cracked up to be — including the 10 years in the pen.

Yours in Beloved Servitude
Hollywood, California

Dear YIBS:
Huh?

Dear Jeannie:

I have a sex problem. I'm an adult of 49. I have a paternal or fatherly instinct, or teacher instinct, to spank boys 18 to 25. I've tried ads in the gay papers, but most of those who answer are phonies. Or, if you get a male prostitute, he becomes violent. I'm trying to contact an agency. My spankings are fatherly and not too severe. Perhaps you can advise me.

L.B.
Bronx, New York

Dear L.B.:

Although I've not yet come across SPANKER'S SEMIMONTHLY, there are several publications which deal with adult-child sex: BETTER LIFE, 256 South Robertson, Beverly Hills, California 90211; BROADSTREET JOURNAL, Box 337, Milliken, Colorado 80543; and HERMES, 343 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60604. They concentrate mainly on younger children, but you still might try an ad. Who knows? It may turn up a young man who's just aching to be spanked!

MASTURBATION MYTHS

1. Masturbation causes insanity, headaches, epilepsy, acne, nosebleeds, masturbator's heart, warts, undesirable odor, uninhibited sexuality, and hair on the palms.
2. Excessive masturbation is harmful.
3. It is an abnormal or unnatural act.
4. It's immature.
5. It is practiced mostly by simple-minded people.
6. It is a substitute for intercourse.
7. It is antisocial.
8. People may learn to prefer masturbation to intercourse.

MASTURBATION TRUTHS

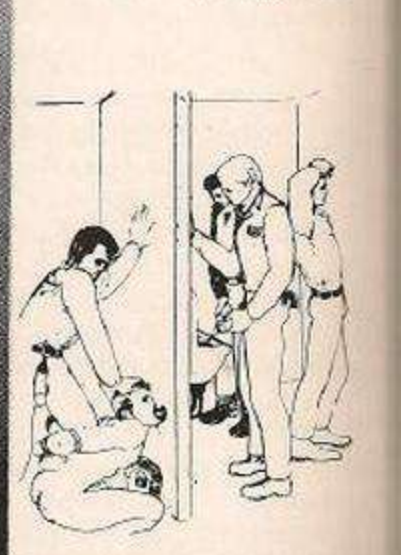
1. There is no evidence that masturbation impairs physical or mental health.
2. Masturbation is a natural function. People in most cultures and many species of animals masturbate.
3. Many people masturbate throughout their lives. Many sexually active people with available partners masturbate as an additional gratification.
4. Intercourse and masturbation can be viewed as complementary sexual experiences, not as mutually exclusive.
5. Masturbation is a good way to learn about your own sexual responses so you can communicate them to a partner.
6. Masturbation is a good way to create your own orgasm. Your partner doesn't give it to you.

MASTURBATION REASONS

1. Pure pleasure. It feels good.
2. To explore one's own response patterns.
3. It relieves sexual and other tensions.
4. As re-entry into sex after a heart attack or other medical ailment.
5. People who feel good about pleasuring themselves are much less likely to have sexual problems.
6. People who take responsibility for their sexual needs and responses seem to have good sexual adjustment.

Got a problem? Write to Jeannie, c/o DRUMMER, Box 8444, La Crescenta, California 91214.

DRUMMER 7



golden showers
wet and wild!

Active and passive participation in golden shower action is as varies as the methods, reasons, and guys involved. Sam, a muscular stud of 34, and Mike, his 'mutt,' a youth of twenty, agreed to discuss with DRUMMER the hows and whys of their interest in piss. [Mike had to request permission before he spoke each time. This has been omitted before each of his responses.]

SAM: When I first met Mike, he wouldn't let anybody piss on him. I sensed that he would dig it, and finally he told me why it had been one of his limits.

MIKE: Well, I had made it a symbol of a really deep commitment to someone. Once I knew that we were really serious about each other, it was O.K. I guess I wanted to hold back on that action, maybe because I thought Sam just wanted to do it because a couple of studs pissed on their mutts all the time just to show class.

SAM: Even then, we'd only do it at home. Finally, when he signalled to me that he wanted to drink it in front of company to save me the trouble of a trip to the john, I knew what it meant, and I had to hide the tears in my eyes as I let him have it.

MIKE: Ah, but I knew they were there.

DRUMMER: What did it mean?

SAM: "Do it" meant "I do" ... a public statement that we were going to be together a long, long time.

MIKE: Now, sometimes, when it's very cold at night and he's all warm in bed and I know he's got to go [Ed's note: Mike sleeps on the floor] I stick my head under the covers and take it so he doesn't have to get up.

DRUMMER: Do you ever loan him out for this duty, Sam?

SAM: Now that we've got it straight, I can loan him out whenever and for whatever I want. He expects it, but sometimes I get a little jealous. I do it as an exercise in control. Last week, six guys I had over threw him in the tub and took turns for half-an-hour whacking him with the belt and pissing on the welts to make them sting. Must've covered him with ten gallons.

MIKE: (Without asking to speak) And not one drop of it as sweet as yours....

SAM: Shut up!

Mike was dismissed for speaking out of turn (to do 30 pushups or something), and Sam and I continued our conversation. There was not too much to add about his own

experiments. I was hoping to get more information about organized groups, about which Sam knew little. He made a few phone calls, however, and managed to locate an acquaintance who belonged to a 'club' and was willing to be interviewed, anonymously, for DRUMMER.

DRUMMER: For the record, what do you do for a living?

PROFESSOR G.S.: I teach Russian language and history at one of the state universities. Don't say which.

DRUMMER: Of course not. I understand that you're a member of a group that meets regularly for scatological purposes. Is that true?

PROFESSOR G.S.: Half of that is true. Scat means piss and shit, and our group is not into the latter.

DRUMMER: How was the group formed?

PROFESSOR G.S.: It has been my experience that these groups are usually a club within a club. I belong to a motorcycle club, the H_____'s, and about 10 of us and our friends get together for little parties about once a week. The balance of our brothers in the H_____'s know about it but aren't too interested. Most of them have come, say, once, just out of curiosity. You realize that those of us into this fetish are heavily into rubber, and most of those guys are into leather.

(At this point, the professor showed me his rubber collection. Most of it was the wetsuit type of black rubber that surfers wear, including swim fins, gloves, and goggles. The most remarkable items were specially handmade babies' rubber panties. Since store-bought ones are made for tiny bottoms, if one wants them to fit a 36-inch hip, one has to have them tailored.)

DRUMMER: But, if you want to be bathed in urine, why protect yourself with all this latex?

PROFESSOR G.S.: The rubber is not to keep it off. It's to hold it in!

DRUMMER: I gotcha.

PROFESSOR G.S.: At each meeting, there is usually someone new, someone to be initiated, and we put him in the middle of a big rubber sheet, and everybody takes turns pissing into his wetsuit, until it starts to fill up like a balloon.

DRUMMER: Where do you hold these sessions and may we witness?

PROFESSOR G.S.: At each other's houses. We rotate. Yes, you can come, but you'll have to be initiated. I'd be happy to lend you an outfit.

DRUMMER: Under those circumstances, I think we'll have to pass.

Well, in most states other than California, sodomy and fellatio are still felonies, so I guess the most that can be said for the Golden Shower groups is that if you confine yourself to this activity, it seems to be legal. The professor added that if anyone wanted to get involved in this activity, the best way to meet people is through ads in the underground papers.

I am open to any suggestion once I have my clothes off. So just as I interrupted a sex act to take a fast piss and he had moaned "Don't waste it, piss on me," I was not freaked out. As I came back with my hard-on and full bladder, he realized I would answer his urgent request. He added "...and in me." Later, drenched, he answered my question about the reason for his not-uncommon fetish. His reply: "I guess because it's warm and it comes from the penis. A long stream of hot piss is like somebody coming in you for days...mother's milk..."

He added that he admired my technique because it is not easy to urinate when you are sexually aroused; nature has built-in precautions against mixing semen with urine. When one is aroused and erect, the vas ducts to the bladder automatically close, but if you forget about the fucking for a minute and concentrate on the pissing, you can usually fill someone up before you lose the hard-on. I imagine that if this is your trip, successive experiences of urinating while aroused provide the Pavlovian conditioning to make the act almost automatic.

Robert Payne tells me that one of the biggest turn-ons of his life occurred at his fraternity initiation, when the seniors (straight, but not very, obviously) pissed in the pants of the freshmen. I agree that it must have been a very erotic experience to see another straining zipper open, then yours, and then to feel another cock thrust into your jeans, and to feel the hot liquid from your body running down your legs. Being pissed upon carries natural connotations of humiliation and debasement (unnecessarily, since urine is clean enough that military surgeons would rather scrub in their own piss than use local water which might be contaminated for emergency knifing). So. Urine is clean, but it does smell. The odor is either a drawback or an asset, depending on how far one wishes to pursue the practice of pissing on people or having them return the favor.

THE STORY

His name hadn't always been "Q," if you can call that a name. He was to have been named for the man he knew as a father, until it became obvious to almost everyone that he had not been fathered by the short, dark man who was married to his mother.

There had been an American tourist group through their village the summer before. It was a team of athletes on tour, some of whom had taken a side trip to the provinces. His mother had been young then with only one child. Now she had many and this tall, fair-skinned boy was an embarrassment to her. She had confessed to the priest, if not her husband, and had borne many other children. When she was heavy with child and could not cope with his demands, he found other outlets, including the older children. The young son, whose name he changed in a second baptism, was no exception. In fact, the boy was the object of many of his sexual excesses, direct and subliminal.

The boy was taller than his older brother. Handsome, in a foreign way. His musculature was well-defined, even at an early age. The broad chest and heavy neck were typical of the people he was born to. But the light eyes, the strong chin, the long legs and lightly haired torso were from somewhere and someone else.

The visitor looked through squinting eyes as if he were buying a horse or cow at auction. He asked of the boy's health, listened to the older man for awhile, then stood up and walked over to the boy, looking deep into his eyes. He placed a thumb on the boy's lips and pushed them aside, running a finger along the white, even teeth.

"Take off your jacket," was all he said, and so quietly as to be almost inaudible.

The father jumped to pull the coat from the boy's shoulders. His too-small shirt gaped between the buttons and the sleeves were inches above his wrists. The swarthy man ran a hand over the front and shoulders and around the back.

"He looks strong." It was like a question.

The father was already unbuttoning the boy's shirt. A light, small hair pattern had begun to form on the olive-skinned chest. The shirt was pulled down and hung from his waist. He stood wide-eyed and unmoving.

"There is much hard work. He will need strong legs." It was a hint that the father didn't need. The trousers were already on their way down to expose hard thighs and big round calves. The boy wore no underclothes normally, and had none on now.

"A stallion," said the buyer, then mumbling something in a language that only he understood, added, "Leave us alone for a few minutes. I would like to examine the boy."

Everyone left except the agent, who unfastened the straps on the boy's ankles and raised them up to his wrists. He fastened wrists and ankles together and Q lay looking at his ringed penis, with his anus painfully exposed. The man dropped his trousers and got on the table. He shoved a huge erect cock into the defenseless hole and proceeded to fuck Q soundly. The numbness had begun to wear off and the pain seemed unendurable. The man achieved his climax, pulled up his pants and left. Q never saw him again.

After what seemed like forever, Q was released and made to stand at the edge of the table. One of the men who had unfastened him held his arms behind his back.

"Milk him," said a deep authoritative voice. His captor reached around and grabbed his cock. A second hand released his arms and grabbed his testicles, stretching the sac. The

hand on his stiffening shaft began to pump. It wasn't too many strokes before the boy stiffened and ejaculated across the table top. They rubbed his face and chest in the semen, then began to use him. He had just been drained and, instead of being allowed to relax in the aftermath, a big shaft was forced up his now very tender rear and another, equally as large, was pushed into his mouth. Surprisingly, his own organ began to harden and again a hand grabbed it and pumped until he released another load. After the cock in his mouth had shot down his throat, he was made to lick up his own discharge again. They used him over and over, seeming to test his endurance. As he would become excited, he was drained until he felt he could produce no more.

For the first time he saw the big man from behind the desk in the room. His new master seemed pleased, at least one would assume that he was by the sound of his voice. He felt the boy's pectorals, inspected the rings. His hands ran over the biceps, the buttocks and thighs.

"He will do very well." And he left the room.

"Your body has become the Master's property and you are not to use any part of it without permission. Your mouth, your privates are for the use of your superiors and that includes just about everybody, even us."

Q had been sold and his new master took delivery. Money changed hands in the form of a bank draft, carefully made out for "shipment of merchandise" and describing goods that had very little resemblance to Q. It was for a fairly good-sized amount. The boy was valuable and his new master decided to make the most of the investment.

Q's head and most of his body was shaved, slowly and painstakingly by the servants. His groin and buttocks were smooth, completely devoid of hair. The short definitive hair on his young chest and belly was taken off. Even his underarms were not exempt. He was given a forced enema before his master's inspection and was scrubbed until his skin was bright pink. His nails were clipped and the soles of his feet were sanded with pumice to be free of the calluses caused by his being barefoot. His foreskin was pulled back and the head of his penis was scrubbed, then disinfected. It was a very sensitive area and he squirmed while it was being done. He received a crack across the face and thenceforth made a strong effort to remain still, no matter what was done to him.

The two attendants dressed him in a small tunic, which draped over one shoulder and barely covered his rump. It was somewhat open in front and his sex protruded through the opening. Again they pulled back the skin by the ring in the foreskin and rouged the head of his cock. They colored his nipples and lightly touched up his lips. A white leather hood was placed over his head, leaving only his nostrils and mouth exposed. The base of the hood fastened around his neck and a chain was attached to the buckle.

Q's new quarters were a contrast to his old ones. Instead of a stone floor and concrete walls and an iron bed with no other furnishings, this room, while small, was larger than the cell. Soft lights glowed from the corners of the room and a large bed was in the center. Night stands stood on each side of the bed and there were mirrors on three of the walls. A bathroom, shared with the occupant of the next room, was off to the side, next to a closet. There were many such rooms in the big old house. All dimly lit, carpeted and designated for constant use. The decor made Q's new occupation obvious. He was to be rented by the hour, used in any way the person who paid the price decided. And by working in the same bed he slept in, he was, at less than seventeen years of age, a whore.

He was also a novelty. The iron band around his ankle still remained as did the chain and lock around his neck. None of the other boys were equipped this way. One tall, sinewy

OF 'Q'

youngster had a collar around his neck but he was free to take it off at will, or at his patron's will. The other boys were employees of a sort. Q was a piece of property.

Q's background became the talk of the house. A number of the bigger boys came into his room one night after the evening meal and decided to try him on for size. They didn't need numbers. Q was so used to following orders and having anyone and everyone be his superior that he allowed them anything they wished. From then on, after the last customer had left for the night, his contemporaries would steal into his room. This was forbidden, of course, but not all the boys had had the harsh training that Q had been subjected to.

One may wonder where they got the energy for more sex after being used most of the night.

Youth was only one reason. They also were used to satisfy their clients, not themselves. Even if they had been allowed, or made, to come during their sessions, there was usually plenty left.

Also, the opportunity to use someone else, someone bigger than they, the way they had been used and abused was tempting. They yielded to the temptation.

"Put your damned hands in front of you!"

Peter did as he was ordered instantly, reading the angered hatred in Jacques' eyes. The restraints clicked ominously as they closed about his wrists binding his hands together in front of his still naked body. He watched with concern as Jacques walked slowly and deliberately over to a cast iron brazier in the corner of the studio. He turned a valve, struck a match and turned to smile across at both of the boys as the gas caught and flared in vivid blues and oranges. Then he opened a cabinet and stood surveying the contents for a few long moments, reaching up at last and pulling out a short wooden handled iron, which he placed in the bracket set in the middle of the dancing flames. Peter shuddered uncontrollably as perspiration broke out on Q's handsome face, his eyes wide in terror.

Within minutes Jacques had fastened a leather cuff tightly about Q's cock and balls and attached a chain to it. Smiling as the boy winced, he pulled the chain up tightly until Q was standing on his toes to relieve the pull on his genitals. Then he fastened the chain to a leather collar about Peter's neck as he stood facing the captive's rear.

Peter trembled visibly as Jacques brought him the white hot branding iron and forced him to take it in his cuffed hands. The shaken boy stared down at the sizzling steel that had been fashioned into Jacques' first initial. His eyes were flaring wide with horror as he listened to the command.

"You will brand him once on each cheek, is that clear?" He slapped the boy's bare ass with a resounding crack. "You will hold the iron in place until you feel my lash against your flesh, then you will transfer it immediately over to his other side and wait for my lash again before you stop!" Jacques grinned with pleasure at Peter's discomfort. "Or would you rather have me whip your ass first?"

The man again ran his hands over the boy's chest. Then back and down his legs. He told Q to remove his clothing and hang it up on a hook in the small locker that stood next to the door. Q immediately complied and until they docked a week later, it was the last he saw of his clothes, or any semblance of clothing. Their meals were sent in most of the time, his meals all of the time.

The man gave him a strong sedative in a glass of warm milk. Within minutes the boy was drowsy. He was tired from the

long trip but this was not a sleepiness akin to weariness. He felt numb and limp, yet he did not fall asleep immediately. He could feel hands all over him yet he seemed detached as if it were someone else's body. He whimpered as does a puppy when allowed to drink a fermented liquid, not knowing why it feels as it does.

The men turned him over and probed his backside. Q was not accustomed to objecting and of course did not, but merely moaned when the hands got too insistent. Then he felt a sharp prick on his arm. He moved away but too late. His instincts, which had slowed down, began to speed up. He saw colors and shapes he could not remember seeing before. Giant hands were upon him, giant instruments invaded him. A monstrous penis thrust itself into his face, his mouth, down his throat, through his stomach and intestines and suddenly was entering the backside. He laughed, he wept. His torment and ecstasy went on and on, for hours or days or whatever new form that time seemed to be being measured by. There was no end to what was happening; no beginning, just the suspended place in time where he presently was.

There seemed to be others in the room. Faces and bodies he had never seen before. A seaman who was dressed in uniform, now nude, then dressed again. The two boys who had accompanied them on the trip. A tangle of arms and legs and mouths and cocks. He was the center of an orgy of the senses that no longer seemed to be his senses. Then everything dimmed away and he slept for what seemed like eternity.

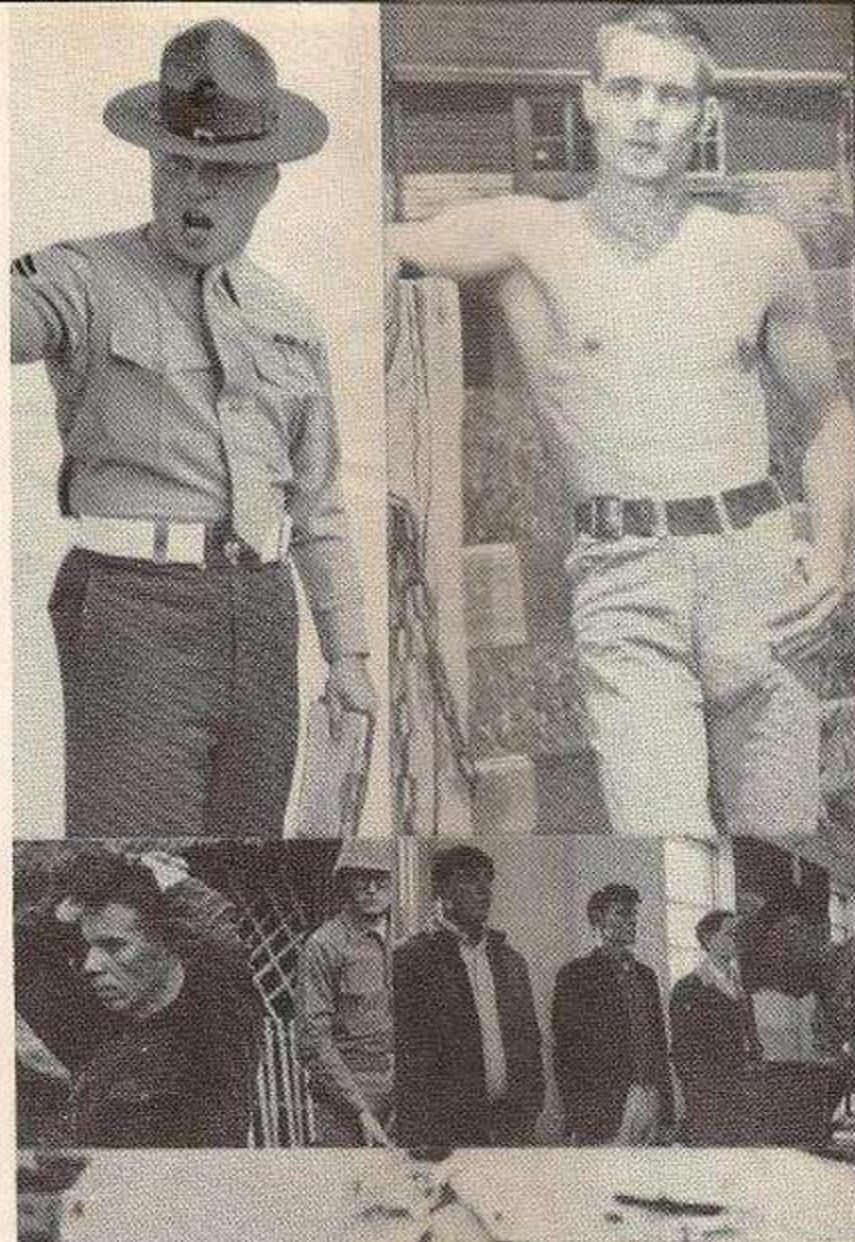
The room became hushed as the host turned to face Q and began to unbutton his shirt, staring into his eyes all the while. The eyes were deep and fascinating. As the shirt slipped over his shoulders and slid to the floor, there were gasps and murmurs of appreciation from many of the onlookers. The big man before Q drank in the sight of his seminude body with thirsty eyes, and continued working with his hands on Q's belt and buttons of his pants. As they fell to his ankles in a wrinkled heap, the snake of his penis became illuminated by the carefully planned lighting and everyone in the room buzzed with admiration. Ricardo sat back in his seat smiling and crossed his arms over his chest. Q stood mute and unprotesting beneath the hot gazes of the guests. His host was breathing much harder now and his large, heavy hands fondled the delicate parts of his body as if he owned them. He turned Q around slowly like a store mannequin allowing all to admire his beauty. For the first time, Q felt proud of his artificial pigment and began to relax a little. As his host's hands roved over the surface of his bare ass, Q's cock began to stiffen and the winged serpent rose from its nest of hair and wandered up the front of his belly. There were moans of pleasure from those who watched including his host, who was still feeling his ass and looking down at the camouflaged brand marks.

"Too bad some fool had to mar the beauty of such a boy with those!" He shook his head slowly and, as he had spoken close to Q's ear, the boy blushed uncontrollably at the comment. He barely noticed as the man snapped his fingers and a wooden frame was wheeled out directly behind Q.

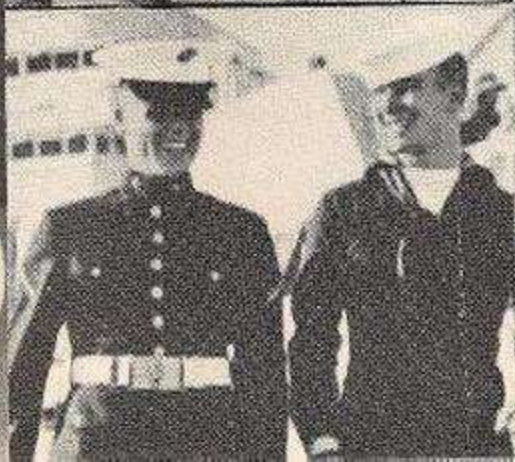
As the first contact between wooden cock and his asshole occurred, Q began to protest but changed his mind. The artificial sex organ was much oversized, almost grotesque, and was not lubricated. He placed a little more of his weight against it, feeling its unfeeling rigidity begin to penetrate. The pain caused him to shiver.

"Now!" The tone of voice left no room for argument and Q began his descent onto the spear of pain.

THE STORY OF "Q" is published by ROBERT PAYNE, 5466 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90029. Cost is \$6.95, postpaid. It is being reprinted with supplements and illustrations, will list at \$9.95, and be available October 1, 1975.



THE MAKING OF A MARINE



WHAT IS A MARINE

OF THE ARMED FORCES, the Marines are best known for being the most aggressive, most subservient, most active, and most brutally trained. Not everyone survives the boot-training period, and those that do make it through come out with rearranged psyches and a deeply ingrained spirit of discipline.

A Marine does as he is told, and the "buddy system" is almost a religion. A Marine will do almost anything for his buddies, and should be a firm believer in a clean mind, strong body, and love of his fellow man.



DRUMMER views the Flicks

ROLLERBALL

When you roll out the Rollerball at 250-bone-crushing-miles-per-hour, who do you think most likely to be skating along like hell, copping the little silver fucker single-handedly right there in the middle of the Astrodome? Straight from warbling "Does the Chewing Gum Lose its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight" in FUNNY GIRL GOES TO THE FUNNY FARM, James Caan sheds his swell threads and gets down as Jonathon E. alias Boss Jock to co-star with a chrome dome in a role that might have made the Marquis de Sade an Anacin junkie.

The man who once dorked Olivia de Havilland proves he's up to form as Captain of the Houston Rollerball team, the baddest, meanest, most sadistic group of sons-of-bitches ever to hit the sports trail. Dodging bits of cerebral cortex, racing around a track hooked to the back of a Harley, unsnarling esophagi from his ball-bearings, Jonathon E. is the idol of millions who get their rocks off watching their champions cream one another in a sport that is some kind of composite of the Roller Derby, the Super Bowl, the Indianapolis 500, and the massacre at Little Big Horn.

Conceived as the international preoccupation of 2050, the game that supplants the need to wage war induces the populace to release its aggression and violence vicariously through the Rollerball players by reminding everyone of the efficacy of team effort, that no one is greater than the whole, along with the empirical kicker that anyone is subject to extinction at any given

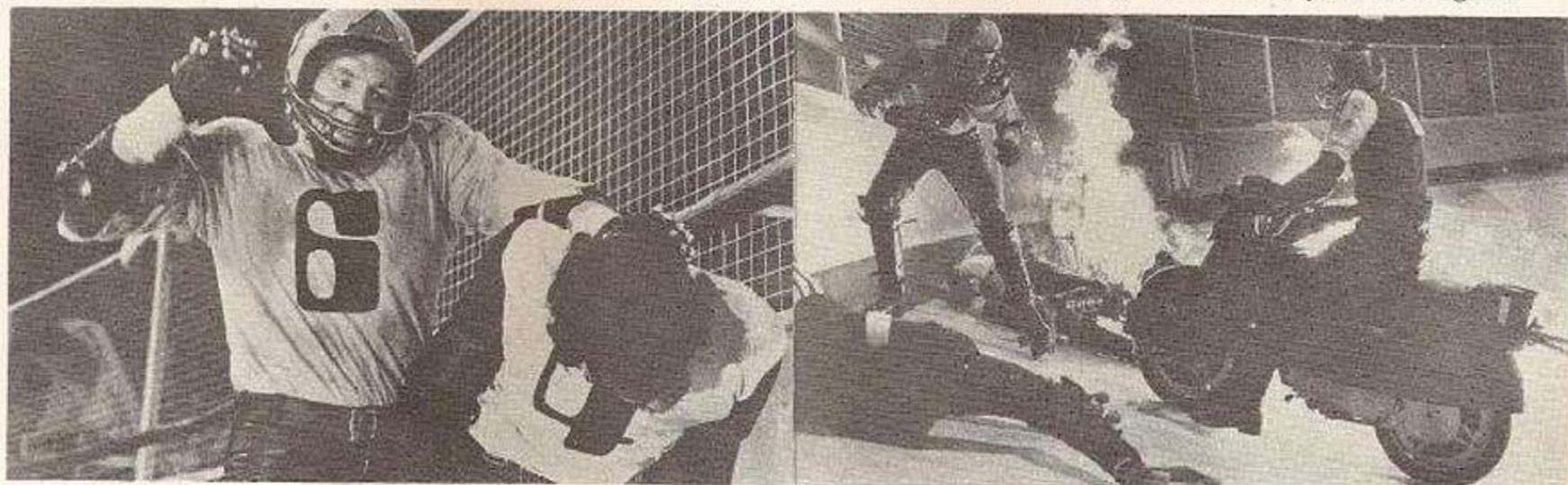
moment. The chief characteristic of the game is definitely not the longevity of its players, so by merely surviving a few seasons, Jonathon E. becomes something of a superstar, but this fox is also a great crowd-pleaser, playing to their instincts for the jugular, and thus exploiting the sadistic potential of the game to its limits.

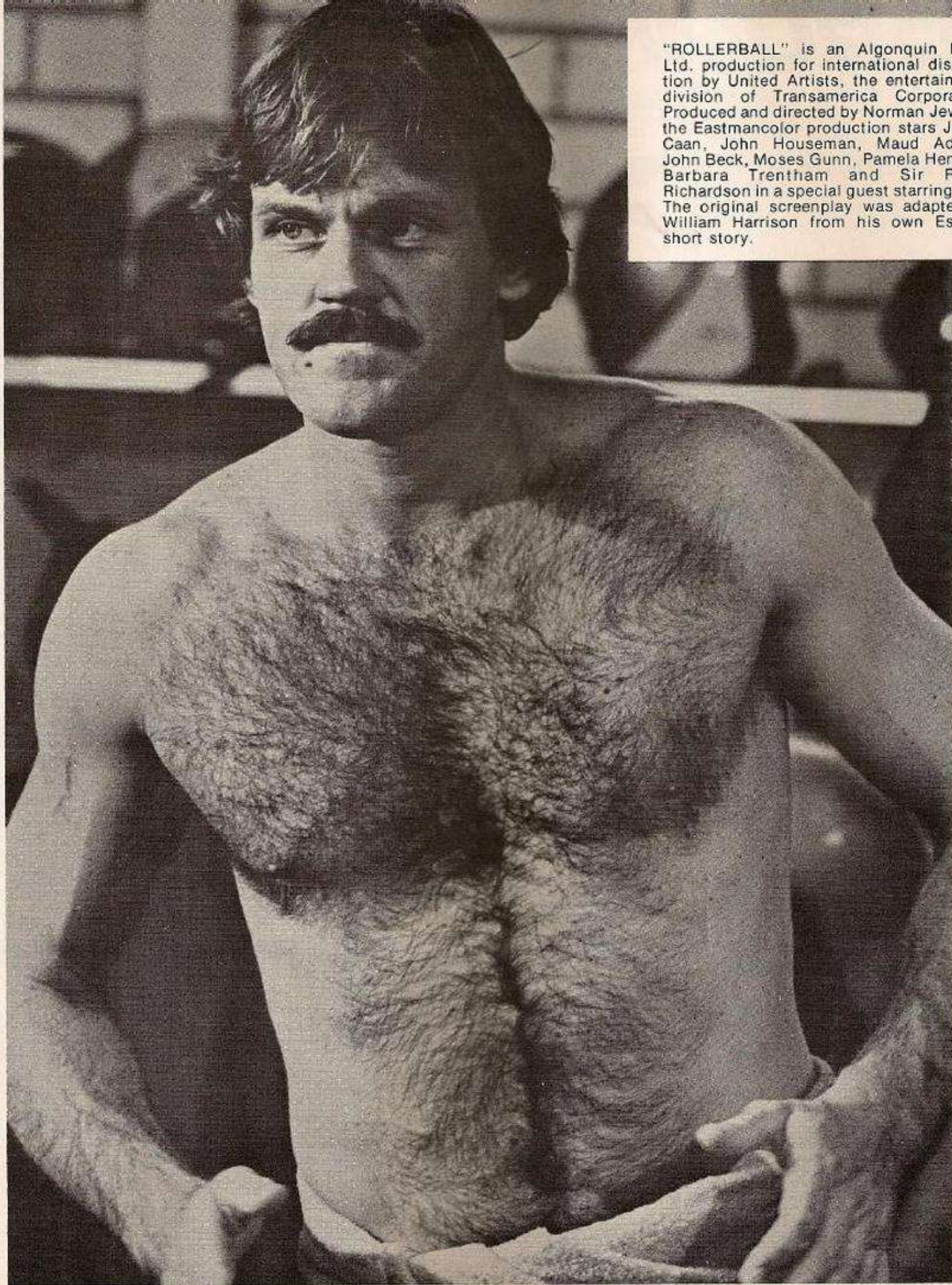
Stardom has its perils, however, and Rollerball's finest becomes a threat to the corporate establishment that controls the world and pacifies its inmates by dispensing the amenities of life including all manner of psychedelia that are greedily and gratefully popped like Sen-Sen. James Caan's chief honcho is a magnificent piece of male flesh named Moonpie. Played by John Beck, he lives to acclaim his buddy, lay open his opponents' skulls, and fuck his heart out. As the game eventually takes its toll, Moonpie winds up a mandrake root, enclosed in a glass box that makes the Seven Dwarves' handiwork look like a Salvation Army butterdish. In a tearful scene, Jonathon comes to see his best buddy laid out, and not having the presence of mind to necrophiliate him, Beck's massive chest, beautifully appointed buttocks, and bulging biceps are lost to the rest of the film, and as "Someday My Prince Will Come" wells up in the background he is freeze-dried and lowered into the bowels of Disneyland. He's the best body in a supporting role since Cornel Wilde in tit-caressing Banlon bowled over Ida Lupino in ROADHOUSE. Since more overt exploitation of male sexuality is

now coming into vogue, we are treated to a shower scene in the locker room of the Houston Head Fuckers in which, if you are very quick, you can catch a glimpse of an honest-to-God cock dangling from one of the minor athletic supporters.

Though set in the future, much of the film bears an uncanny resemblance to last year. Though everyone is deemed content and pacified as the inequities of life are theoretically eliminated, the man who lives to play Rollerball is suspicious and troubled, and becomes a Patty Hearst in Adidas. In one final game with all rules suspended, conceived by the corporate structure as an obliteration party for Jonathon E., King Caan kills and maims the entire Japanese team in the tradition of winning one for the Gipper that would have made Ronald Reagan cream in his Don Loper jeans. As Jonathon rams the silver sphere into the jackpot, under the nose of corporate director John Houseman, you just know what Anthony Newley had in mind when he wrote, "You're Gonna Hear From Me." TILT suddenly lights up behind the glazed gazes of the pacified masses.

If you thrilled to the exploits of Genghis Khan, rooted for the Romans at Calvary, screamed with delight when thousands of New Yorkers turned to corpulent pulp twixt the toes of Mighty Joe Young, ROLLERBALL is right down your alley. On the other hand, nothing exceeds like excess, and it is possible that after Rollerballing, as Joe Namath promises you on the Cruex commercial, you may never have jock itch again.





"ROLLERBALL" is an Algonquin Films Ltd. production for international distribution by United Artists, the entertainment division of Transamerica Corporation. Produced and directed by Norman Jewison the Eastmancolor production stars James Caan, John Houseman, Maud Adams, John Beck, Moses Gunn, Pamela Hensley, Barbara Trentham and Sir Ralph Richardson in a special guest starring role. The original screenplay was adapted by William Harrison from his own Esquire short story.

Opposite page left:

Continuing his vengeance against the Japanese players who destroyed his teammate Moonpie, JAMES CAAN delivers a rabbit punch to the back of the neck of Tokyo skater, whose career is ended by the blow.

Opposite page right:

The last New York biker speeds up the incline in an attempt to ram Jonathon E. against the barrier with his machine in the brutal final game that is meant to destroy the superhero of the game.

Above:

Moonpie, played by John Beck, is a country boy who is fond of kicking opponents off their bikes in Norman Jewison's new film "ROLLERBALL."

DRUMMER 3-WAY

Giant Super

CONTEST

WRITE

SEND US YOUR FAVORITE FANTASY!

Make it a short story, essay or whatever, type the damn thing so we can read it, and, if it turns us on, it probably will do the same for DRUMMER readers. Use cops, Marines, Masters, slaves, construction workers, ballet dancers, or whatever and give us some good one-arm reading. Type it double spaced, no maximum, no minimum. See prizes below.

DRAW

ARTWORK SHOWING THE S&M SCENE!

Draw it, paint it, cartoon it, or use a pencil. Let's discover some of the new talent in the Leather Community. Pick your own subject matter and show it the way you think your brothers would like to see it. No holds barred. Package it up, send it to us, and you could be the next Tom, Bud, or Etienne.

SHOOT

GET OUT YOUR CAMERA AND SHOOT YOUR MASTER OR SLAVE!

He could be centerfold material. Best photography counts, but so does the model. Show him in leather or in nothing. Show him in bondage or in dominance. Show him in anything other than hardcore—that we can't print. We want to use the best available on the pages of DRUMMER. That could be you!

PRIZES!

SEPARATE, EQUAL PRIZES IN EACH CATEGORY: WRITING, ART, PHOTOGRAPHY!

FIRST PRIZE IN EACH -- Your choice of any item from the ROBERT PAYNE catalog, including Naugahyde bedcovers, swimwear, leather, films, books, whatever.

FIVE SECOND PRIZES IN EACH -- LEATHER FRATERNITY memberships, including FRATERNITY T-shirts and subscriptions to DRUMMER, or cash equivalent.

TEN THIRD PRIZES IN EACH -- Full year subscriptions to DRUMMER along with your choice of posters.

Decision of the judges is final and completely autocratic. Anything published in DRUMMER is automatically a prize winner. Specify what name you wish used (if any) for credit. If you wish material returned, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Otherwise, all materials become the property of DRUMMER upon being published. Contest will run until the end of the year (that's December 31, 1975). Get going!



DRUMMER

5466 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD / LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90029

THE PHONE-IES

Does Ma Bell Know Where You're Cradling Her Instrument?

The stories you are about to read are true. Only the numbers have been changed to protect the innocent.

Times have certainly changed. I remember the days when strong men and fair women alike would gasp in horror...delighted horror, perhaps, but horror nonetheless...if they were on the receiving end of a telephonic indecency. But now, according to the ads in the gay press, if you're not lucky enough to get obscene calls, you can pay Mr. Chuck \$10 a month to phone you off by whispering dirty nothings in your ear. That's assuming you can reach Mr. Chuck. A call to the advertised number results in "The number you have reached is not in service at this time AND there is no new number. Please make sure you have checked the telephone directory for the RIGHT number and are dialing correctly. This is a recording." Which, if you've dialed in breathless anticipation, is rather obscene in itself.

This sort of service was probably inevitable. A few years ago saw a proliferation of such classified ads as "CORN QUEEN. Bunions really bring me on! Call (213) 123-4567 and describe your dirty, ugly, calloused feet. Please, no trim toes. This is a sincere ad." ...and "Hi, my name is Bruce. I would like to meet someone who would not be a one night stand. Call (415) 893-7240 any time day or night and let's talk about all the things we'll do on the second and third nights."

Although ads openly soliciting telephone sex have all but vanished, a quick check through the classified section of any gay newspaper will turn up dozens of ads with telephone numbers. These ads might offer pet supplies, tennis instructions, massages, or eternal salvation. They might solicit houseboys, lovers, slaves, or recycled jeans. Do people sell what they offer and attract what they solicit? Sometimes, yes. Most of the time, however, they get a whole lot more than they bargained for.

"DETROIT, MI MUSICIAN. Classical organist wishes to compare your organ and mine. Mutual lessons, sessions arranged. Photos, size, interests. (313) 631-4290." Now there's a leading ad if there ever was one, but the guy is a classical



organist who truly wasn't aware of the provocativeness of his wording.

"The response to the ad was incredible, I'll say that, but most of the callers were pretty strange. And I must be totally naive, because it took me a while to get onto it. The first guy who called came on pretty straight. He could discuss the merits of one organ over another, which had better tone and so forth, and I could hear organ music playing on his stereo in the background. It wasn't until he started panting that I realized he was a true organ freak. Yeah, he got off talking about Wurli-tizers! Another guy, tough dude, called and told me to describe my organ, he wanted to know what it was like. So I told him about the kind of wood, rosewood, and how many pedals it has, the ivory keys; I was honestly into describing it. Then he interrupted me: 'Oh, shit! Is that the kind of organ you mean? A musical instrument? Boy! You're really some kind of weirdo!' and he hung up."

"Shy, hndsm dude, big, masc, 30s, seeks superior, musc, rugged buddy to be my Master. Sincere only. Absolutely no phone freaks wntd. (213) 781-0678."

"My friends told me that I was looking for trouble, putting my phone number in the paper, that I'd be fair game. That's why I added that line. It seems to discourage most phone freaks, but I still get quite a few.

"This one guy called three times, always at 9 o'clock. Monday night we exchanged descriptions, talked about mutual interests in movies and sports and whathaveyou, just a friendly phone call. Tuesday we got into mutual sexual interests. He's Greek active and I'm passive, so that led to a lengthy discussion of the size of his cock and the state of my ass. Wednesday it got really heavy. We started out talking about meeting, maybe on the weekend, and driving out to the country somewhere, then it got into what we would do in the country. Like, he wanted to tie me to a tree, tickle me all over with leaves, and then whip me with the branch. That night, he told me to call him the next day and we'd make a date. When I called the number he gave me, I got Dial-A-Prayer.

"Also, I get a lot of married men and bi guys whose wives or friends aren't into S&M, so they try to get into these elaborate fantasies over the phone. One guy called me when his girlfriend left their apartment to take her daughter to school. I don't know if he was stoking himself up for her return or what.

"Well, I'll tell you. When I find the guy I'm looking for, I'm going to have my telephone number changed."

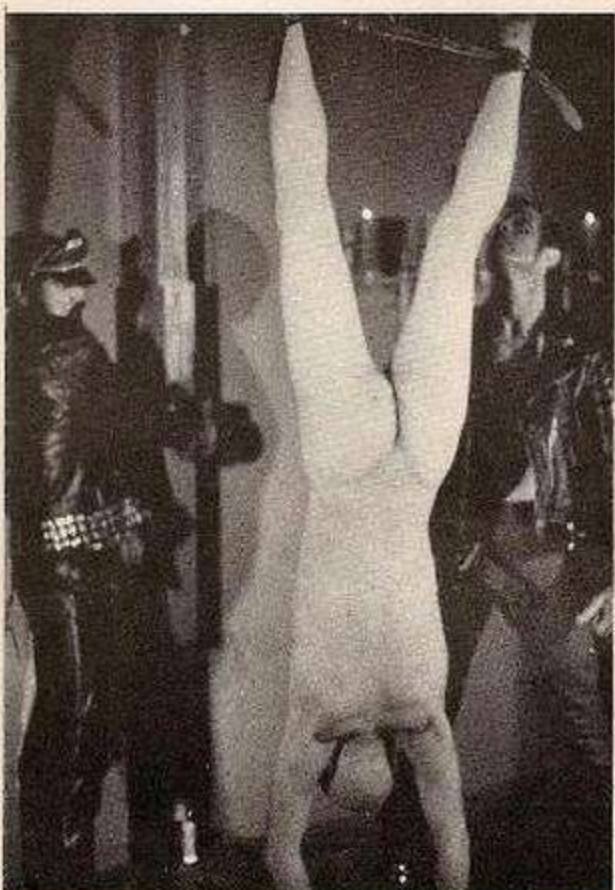
☆☆☆☆

"WANTED: FADED, WORN, OLD LEVIS in good condition, no holes. I will pay \$. Waist 28-29, length 29-30. George, (714) 727-9310."

"Oh, wow! The ones I got! They were all people who were into smelling jockstraps and that kind of thing. One nut used to get himself so excited telling me about all the cum and piss he'd sucked from dirty jeans that, by the end of his story, he could hardly talk. Another one used to just call and breathe heavy. After about a week of that action, I told him, 'Listen. If you tell me when you

Continued on page 43

DRUMMER 17



In "Born to Raise Hell", the Master's barber shop operates full time and does a thorough job. The slave emerges wearing only a beard.

shaving your slave

Why shave a slave?

Why not? The choice is up to the master, and while some masters are turned on by hairiness, many are definitely not. A little chest hair never hurt anyone, but crotches, underarms, and particularly asses are at their best smooth and hairless. This is up to the individual master and its benefits are twofold: it reminds the slave (as well as anyone else who gets in his pants) what he is and to whom he belongs. Plus the itching of the hair's regrowth is also a constant reminder. Prison camp inmates throughout Nazi Germany found themselves shaved from head to toe. This was done theoretically for cleanliness but, as important, for psychological reasons as well. It symbolizes that the subject's body is no longer his. The U.S. Marine Corps is dedicated to head shaving for very similar reasons.

So it is decided your slave must be shaved. How do you go about it?

For a beginning, the area from the navel around to the tailbone should be sufficient -- other than a superfluous hair on the back (ugh!), shoulders, or feet. The choice between a razor and a depilatory is up to the master. Unless the shaving itself turns you on, or you have aspirations of being a barber, we vote for the depilatory. But let's explore the razor camp first.

Straight razors take a lot of skill and a steady hand. Safety razors are what most men are acquainted with. We don't particularly recommend the new "Trac II" blades unless the hair has been clipped very short prior to shaving. Try one on something other than your beard and you'll see what we mean. Talc or shaving cream is fine. Crisco or Vaseline is also acceptable. Only a confirmed sadist would do much shaving without some form of lubricant.

Tweezers are effective, if slow. However, if time and patience are no problem, enjoy yourself -- but strap your slave down.

Which brings us to positions. Shaving can be done in the shower, on the rack, standing tiptoe spread-eagle, or in any position convenient to the shaver. Comfort is never a problem with a slave.

The fastest and easiest way is simply to buy a large bottle of "Nair," "Neet," or whatever brand of depilatory you prefer. The more hair to remove, the larger the bottle or can. It comes as a powder, a creme, a liquid, and a spray. Some slaves are sensitive to the chemicals found in various brands, so a bit of sampling isn't a bad idea. Keep it away from eyes and other openings of the body. Simply apply to the area, wait the prescribed number of minutes on the label, put your slave in the shower (or garden hose) with a coarse washcloth (or brush) and watch the stuff do its magic.

Some masters and slaves are into total shaving, some are ready for permanent hair removal. This is a job for electrolysis, which we may go into at a later date.

Whatever method of shaving you prefer after your experimentation should be done about every ten days. Chest hair can be clipped with a set of Wahl clippers (otherwise used for home haircuts) or poodle clippers, should you prefer to avoid the complete wiener look. A good chest hair pattern heightens definition. Most arms and legs look better a *naturel*. But shave away if you find you just can't stop.

There is nothing that warms the heart quite like a freshly scrubbed and shaved young man, nude with an open mind, a clean body, and a baby smooth crotch and ass. You can put a cock ring on him, a collar and/or nipple rings, and show him off at your next party. However well trained he may or may not be, he'll at least look good. Branding him either with paint, tattoo, or hot iron is popular, but that too will have to wait for another article.

ROBERT PAYNE



The Leather Fraternity

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Full Leo. 44. 5'10½". 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Bondage. Grey hair or bald preferred. Box 076.

OAKLAND. M. Gemini. 44. 6'1". 144. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Eager and willing to please permanent master into heavy discipline and motorcycles. No fats, drunks, hard drugs. Box 125L.

OAKLAND. S. Sagittarius. 50. 5'10½". 155. White. 6". Novice. Must be well-built and obedient. No scat. Box 345.

OXNARD. M. Aries. 42. 5'10". 190. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus. 40. 6'. 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 46. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear-end action. Box 061A.

PASADENA. M. Scorpio. 43. 6'. 186. White. 7". Novice. Prefers bike riders. No fems, fats, olds. Box 150.

RICHMOND. S. Capricorn. 45. 5'11". 162. White. 6¾". Knowledgeable. Seeks completely passive, cut slave of the same race with Sundays free. No fats, dopers, scat, W/S. Box 050F.

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 38. 6'1". 225. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

SAN DIEGO. M. Leo. 38. 6'3". 190. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

SAN DIEGO/EL CAJON. S. Cancer. 5'6". 140. White. 6½". Butch-type leather master needs naked slave for fun and pleasure. Must be cut. Box 125.

SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37. 5'11". 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Gemini. 33. 5'10". 140. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and perfectly superior, not fat or over 39. Box 152.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Scorpio. 38. 5'7". 150. White. 6¼". Knowledgeable. Looking for bondage slave. Box 082A.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Libra. 49. 6'2½". 185. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 32. 6'. 170. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Knowledgeable. 'clean-cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer. 30. 5'11½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Pisces. 30. 5'10". 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Aries. 40. 5'6½". 135. White. 6¾". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fems, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

SANTA MONICA. S. Capricorn. 30. 6'1". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other S's toward establishing a complete castle. Box 133T.

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo. 28. 5'5". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM types, 25 and over. Out-of-towners welcome. Box 022.

SANTA MONICA. S. Pisces. 48. 6'3". 175. White. 7". Shaves body. No fems, fats, or quick fucks. Box 185M.

STANFORD. M. Taurus. 30. 6'1". 145. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Needs actual domination, not just words. Suspension, leather bondage, Master in full leather. Young S would be ideal but not necessary. Box 184 A.

VENTURA. MS. Aries. 32. 5'5". 130. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Prefers another inexperienced under 30. No hardcore S/M. Box 033.

COLORADO

AURORA. M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8". 150. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

DENVER. M. Libra. 29. 5'9½". 195. White. 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

CONNECTICUT

OLD SAYBROOK. M. Capricorn. 36. 6'4". 200. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

DELAWARE

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6¾". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike scene a plus. No fems, fats, weaklings. Box 051F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. MS. Sagittarius. 41. 6'. 220. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Tattoos. Box 300.

WASHINGTON. SM. Cancer. 31. 6'. 165. White. 7½". Novice. Wants good-looking well-built with sense of humor. Box 324.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. S. Cancer. 38. 6'2". 175. White. 7". Old hand. No fems or inhibited types. No one over 50 or 225 lbs. Will train in person, by mail or phone. Box 132.

CORAL GABLES. MS. Sagittarius. 23. 6'. 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and act straight. Age unimportant. Box 012.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Virgo. 45. 5'11". 184. White. 7¼". Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in area on business/vacation trips. Box 183P.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Libra. 43. 5'8". 155. White. 8¼". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fems or fats. Box 200.

MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 35. 5'9½". Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. No locals. Box 047.

MIAMI. MS. Leo. 29. 5'8½". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Prefers black Master but color not a hangup. Box 058.

MIAMI. M. Libra. 24. 5'8". 150. White. 7¾". Novice. Needs instructor, 21-42, bodybuilder type. Box 298.

ORLANDO. MS. Libra. 24. 5'8". 140. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 060C.

TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG. S. Virgo. 35. 5'9". 160. 8½". Knowledgeable. B&D. Slave must be straight-appearing. No fems, fats. Box 126M.

ILLINOIS

BUFFALO GROVE. MS. 50. 5'11". 155. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. No heavy stuff but willing to learn. 293.

CHICAGO. M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. No role playing, wants the true S who enjoys seeing guy in pain and with bruises. 307.



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WHEATON. MS. Scorpio. 34. 5'10". 230. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Desires training. No drugs. Box 160.

WOOD RIVER. S. Capricorn. 56. 5'6". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Open minded, willing to please. Box 360.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. 45. 5'9". 144. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet master prefers well-educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303.

VINCENNES. S. Virgo. 31. 5'9½". 149. White 5¾". Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-33, full round buns and strong legs. College grad if possible. Box 186A.

IOWA

DES MOINES. S. Pisces. 40. 6'. 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 32, trim. Will respect limits. Box 072.

KANSAS

WICHITA. SM. Gemini. 46. 6'5". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles. Free to travel. No fems. Box 053.

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE. S. Leo. 28. 5'10". 170. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying Slaves real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 047W.

HARVEY. SM. Pisces. 45. 5'7". 155. White. 4". Knowledgeable. Military discipline. Manliness a must. Box 052A.

NEW ORLEANS. S. Gemini. 41. 6'1". 195. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305.

MAINE

KITTERY POINT. SM. Sagittarius. 30. 6'2½". 180. White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn more about the scene from someone heavy into sex. Box 242R.

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS. S. Taurus. 30. 5'10". 160. White. 8". Knowledgeable. No fags playing butch. Box 040.

MASSACHUSETTS

FALL RIVER. S. Sagittarius. 45. 5'8". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Experienced disciplinarian. Slave must be young, healthy, straight-appearing and neat. Box 082R.

PINEHURST. MS. Taurus. 38. 5'11". 156. White 7". Knowledgeable. Slow torture. Box 059A.

SANDISFIELD. M. Cancer. 45. 6'. 170. White. 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Pubic hair removed. No drugs. Box 280.

WESTFIELD. SM. Leo. 49. 5'5". 155. White. 6". Novice. Age unimportant. No fems. Mutual paddling and whipping. Box 004.

MICHIGAN

BERKLEY. S. Virgo. 32. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

DETROIT. M. Scorpio. 34. 5'9". 165. Black. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Needs white Master under 35. Box 123A.

DETROIT. M. Virgo. 22. 5'7". 140. White. 5¾". Novice. Must dig on leather and bondage without pain. Box 123M.

FLINT. SM. 43. 5'11". 148. Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-34, levi and ivy-league look. Box 061F.

JACKSON. MS. Pisces. 39. 5'3". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Cigarette smoker preferred. Box 209.

LANSING. MS. Gemini. 57. 5'10". 155. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M.

SAGINAW. M. Leo. 57. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra-large, uncut, hairy. Wants training as a toilet slave. Box 050M.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS. M. Pisces. 38. 5'6". 138. White. 6¾". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

MISSOURI

FLORISSANT. M. Sagittarius. 46. 6'1". 185. White. 5". Novice. Prefers heavy, lengthy session. Box 090.

KANSAS CITY. M. Scorpio. 49. 5'8". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M.

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo. 29. 5'11". 215. White. 6". Novice. Needs clean, discreet honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs. Box 245.

MONTANA

SWEETGRASS. MS. Aquarius. 50. 6'1". 180. White. 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No fems. Box 230.

NEBRASKA

WAYNE. M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Novice. Seeks not-too-experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS. MS. Taurus. 31. 5'11½". 170. White. 11". Novice. Prefers muscle-men. No fems, long hair. Box 270.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY. SM. Libra. 29. 5'9". 170. Black. 6". Knowledgeable. No fems, fats. Prefers bodybuilder or dancer. Box 060R.

CHERRY HILL. S. Scorpio. 31. 5'8". 150. White. Knowledgeable. Bondage. No olds, fats, skinnies. Box 290.

NEWARK. M. Aries. 33. 6'. 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Black Master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Virgo. 36. 6'1". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Box 070.

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Leo. 42. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R.

NEW YORK

ALBANY. MS. Cancer. 23. 5'11½". 165. White. 6½". Novice. No oldies, fatties, fems. Box 240.

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 39. 6'2". 225. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 317.

AMHERST. M. Virgo. 26. 6'. 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 210.

CLAYTON. SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7½". 160. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 19.

GLENS FALLS. S. Pisces. 46. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Will train willing Slave under 30. Limits respected. Prefers jock type athletic Slave. Box 260.

HUDSON. MS. Leo. 35. 6'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good looking slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 100.

Continued on page 27

Reiker



"Down on your knees, mother-fucker. Stay right there. That's the position I expect you to be in when I want you."

Reiker's drifting through Los Angeles after two years at Camp Pendleton. He's staying around. His old lady is off to Vegas for a few days, and he's decided to knock it around with some of the dudes in the meantime.

"I need a lot of sex. If I don't get off three or four times a day, I ain't worth a shit. There were a couple of recruits on the base who were always ready for a scene. Two or three of us would work them over behind the barracks after dinner. Nothing too rough. They got off on it and we got our rocks."

Reiker knows how to handle himself. He knows what he wants. He's looking for someone who can take it rough. "Socking it around," as he says. He's had a lot of offers since he's been in L.A.

"A lot of the dudes here think they

want to get it on. Then when we get into it, it's chickenshit time. Shit! It takes a couple of hours to get warmed up!"

Reiker's doing all right today. He's found someone willing to be on the receiving end as he reenacts the scene behind the barracks. He's ridden the 80 miles from Pendleton on his bike. His Levis are thrown in a corner next to a tee shirt he's ripped off his willing slave. He has a leather hat pushed down securely on his head; his close-cut blond hair sticks out slightly from under the rim.

"Come on, man; get into it. 'Lick it,' I said. Lick it! For Christ's sake use your fucking tongue!"

His boots are laced up tight. A khaki sock protrudes above the laces cinched around the top of his right calf. Small drops of perspiration run down his thigh, glistening on the edges of patches of coarse matted hair. He's on the road again, but not on his Harley this time.

"I'm going to ride you, man. Just

hold on, just stay with me; we've got a long way to go yet on this trip."

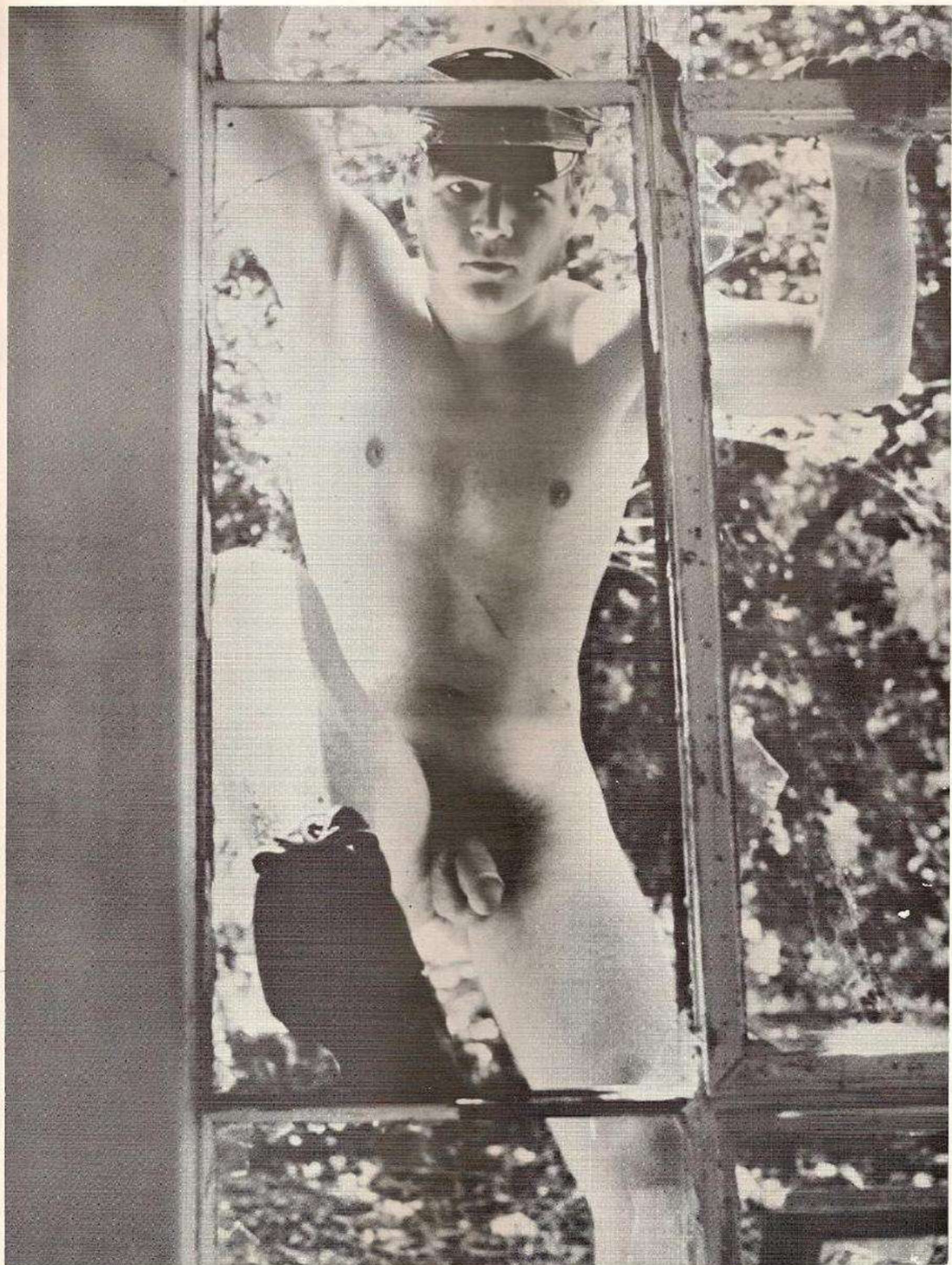
He now has his recruit in a hammerlock. The leather soles of his boots make high-pitched screeching sounds as he pounds away.

"Take it all!"

There's a lot to take. Reiker's cock is reaching its erect limit: a thick piece of circumcised meat. His hands are clenched. The USMC tattoo on his bicep is starting to expand. The veins in his neck quiver slightly. He's shifting into second. He's not just "fucking around." He's starting to hit his stride. The momentum is picking up.

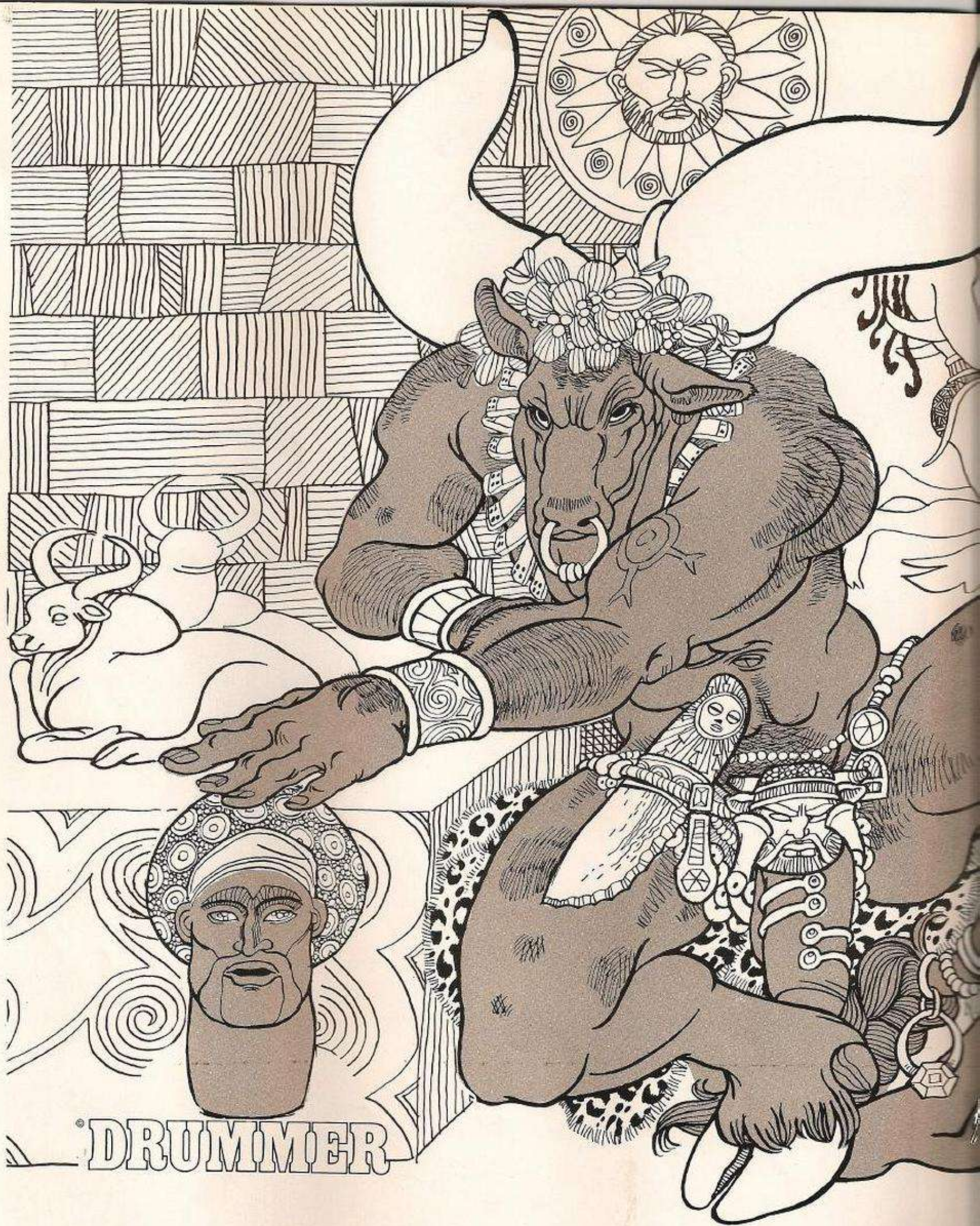
And so it goes with Reiker, the afternoon just getting under way. The smell of sweat against leather. Hard, thrusting movements. The muscles in his ass tight, hard like a rock. He's in charge. He digs it. He's going to get his rocks, but nobody's in a hurry. It's going to be a long afternoon.....

---by Robert Opel



TAURUS





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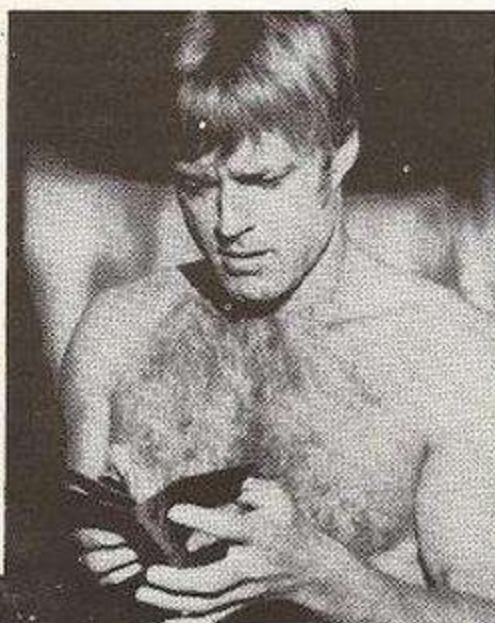
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LINDENHURST, L.I. S. Cancer. 29. 5'10". 145. White. 8". Old hand. Slave must be willing to be owned and controlled, used and lent. California preferred but any location possible. Heavy into bike scene. Box 081.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55. Box 070T.

NEW YORK. MS. Gemini. 29. 5'11". 160. White. 8½". Prefers bearded or moustached biker. No fats or egotists. Box 133.

NEW YORK. S. Leo. 43. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in Slave. Limits respected. Box 127.

NEW YORK. M. Aries. 42. 5'11". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. No long hair. No feds. Box 180.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 28. 5'10½". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Prefers clean shaven short-hairs. Box 252B.

NEW YORK. M. Scorpio. 41. 5'10". 158. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a toilet Slave and houseman-servant. Two or more Masters preferred. Box 255.

STATEN ISLAND. MS. Sagittarius. 35. 5'7". 140. White. 5½". Old hand. Wants slim and clean. Toilet training in rubber and swimwear. Box 220M.

UNIONDALE. M. Sagittarius. 23. 6'1". 200. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will try anything for right master. Box 005.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH. SM. Cancer. 42. 6'1½". 195. White. 8½". Novice. Domination without physical pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156.

RALEIGH. MS. Taurus. 34. 6'1". 165. White. 6". Novice. Will obey sexy, imaginative stud. Black preferred. Box 158.

NORTH DAKOTA

NOONAN. M. Cancer. 32. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Novice. Needs neat, kind, knowledgeable Master for regular training. Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn on. Box 229.

OHIO

AKRON. SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 165. White. 8". Knowledgeable. N.E. Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154.

CANTON. M. Leo. 5'8½". 168. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Willing to serve clean, forceful Master. Box 227.

CLEVELAND. MS. Leo. 30. 6'1". 185. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Muscular guys with cock under 7½" preferred. Box 130.

COLUMBUS. M. Aries. 34. 5'10½". 165. Black. 7½". Knowledgeable. Wants to serve Master(s) as complete toilet Slave. Box 124.

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 150. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cut partner under 31. No feds, fats, hippies. Box 304.

LAKEWOOD. S. Leo. 45. 6'1½". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient Slave who is clean and well endowed. Box 205.

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON. M. 30. 5'10". 135. White. 7". Novice. Needs humiliation, discipline and training. Eager to please strict stud Master. No drugs or fats. Box 315.

OREGON

PORTLAND. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 6'3". 198. White. 6¾". Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular. No feds, fats, redheads. Psychological domination more than physical pain. Box 028.

PENNSYLVANIA

EAGLES MERE. M. Gemini. 31. 6'. 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will submit and totally obey right Master who respects limits and wants continuous relationship. Box 187C.

HARRISBURG. M. 40. 6'. 163. White. 6". Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319.

LANCASTER. SM. Virgo. 37. 5'7". 155. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded discreet dude. No feds, fats, scat. Box 194.

PHILADELPHIA. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

READING. SM. Cancer. 43. 6'. 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys bondage, respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B.

UPPER DARBY. M. Capricorn. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 7-8". Novice. Needs control and discipline from knowledgeable S who respects limits. No feds, fats, beards. Box 211.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS. S. Leo. 33. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular. Box 086.

MEMPHIS. MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 6½". Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140.

MEMPHIS. S. 24. 6'. 190. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Short hair, big balls preferred. Box 220R.

TEXAS

DALLAS. M. Scorpio. 30. 6'2". 155. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants masculine guys to paddle bare ass, switch thighs and calves with riding crop. Must be 18-40 and respect limits. Box 002.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7½". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No fats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 39. 5'11". 190. White. 6½". Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No feds, fats, hippies. Box 137.

DALLAS. S. 38. 5'11". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Permanent slave wanted, 25-45. Master has police and Marine Corps discipline experience. Box 252M.

FORT WORTH. MS. Aquarius. 41. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No fats, feds, filth, drugs. Box 059D.

GALVESTON. M. Virgo. 28. 5'9". 140. White. 6". Novice. Prefers under 32, cut, hairy. No drugs. Box 221.

HOUSTON. S. Libra. 28. 5'8". 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly. Box 313.

SAN ANTONIO. S. Virgo. 39. 6'2". 186. White. 8¼". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No fats. Box 450.

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA. M. Leo. 24. 5'11". 170. White. 6½". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel. Box 084.

ALEXANDRIA. M. Gemini. 41. 5'9". 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

ALEXANDRIA. S. Leo. 51. 5'9". 172. White. 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

WOODBIDGE. MS. Scorpio. 42. 5'11". 180. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prefers M role, but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 043.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS. Libra. 35. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beatings. Box 138.

Robert Opel

Requiem for a toolbox



They say it weighs 5,000 pounds, and when it arcs through the air it seems to hesitate briefly before unleashing its wrath. At the point of contact, clouds of dust burst around it. Suddenly it's raining pieces of brick, metal, concrete, and plaster; the eye of the hurricane of destruction; a whirlpool of wooden splinters; shards of glass spun off into the sun.

There he sits, astride a leather seat bolted to a cab that strains and jars and jolts as the man and his machine absorb the shocks of that giant ball tethered to the tip of this metal crane. It shoots from the cab, a towering erection silhouetted against the San Francisco skyline. The seat accommodates his body easily. The leather strains against its rawhide stitching as he manipulates his body in time with the machine. Two indentations comfortably fit his ass. He's wearing a tank top, the sweat of his body melding the material to his chest. He spits on his glove, grappling with the controls, fingers fondling the gears. His boots push against the glass shield, where Cat's Paw is temporarily tattooed in the dusty window. On the side of the cab, scratched and pitted by tons of flying debris, is lettered "Demolition Jockey."

The other men on the crew sort through the wreckage, piling up bricks and salvaging doors. They wear Levis and hard hats, their bare chests and arms covered with white dust, the fallout from the silver ball

pounding unrelentingly against the yielding structure.

The sun moves lower in the sky. The building is reduced to its components, save one wall. The dudes stare down impassively on the destruction. Aloof, sensuous, half-closed eyes peer through the dust at a monument of frozen sexuality. Sailors, bikers, businessmen, construction workers; lots of trips have come down where they gaze.

On Saturday nights, the bikes would be parked along the street for a whole block, lined up one against the next, a row of chrome and steel gleaming in the moonlight. The strains of "Stand By Your Man" filtered out from the jukebox. "It's hard givin' all your love to just one man..." Over the door was spelled "The Tool Box." The "T" was a wrench topped with a screwdriver, the "OO" formed in the shape of a pair of nuts leaning expectantly against the bolt that was the "L."

It was the only leather bar in a city named after a dude who talked to the birds, down there south of Market among the warehouses, the trucks and the loading platforms, an island apart from the social machinations of the rest of the city. The bikers would hang out there at the end of their runs; some of the men from the Financial District would wander in, thin ties and eyelid collars; the crew-cut boys from Cal, wearing their denim jackets and sweatsocks, could be found there. They stared at

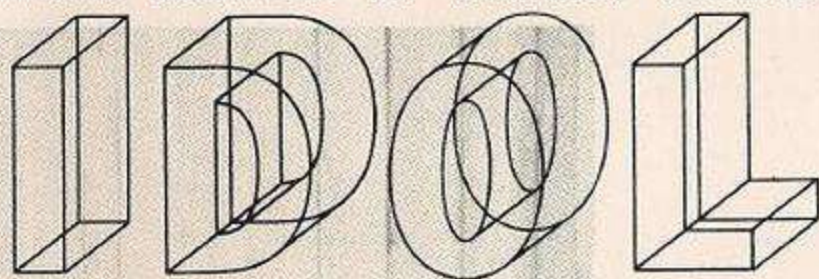
each other, wondering about it all. And they stared at the wall, painted men frozen in time, and the wall stared back.

Some nights you could push your way to the back and press your crotch next to the ass of a French sailor who'd wandered up from the Embarcadero ... or watch the cum drip down the john wall, smearing over a layer of messages: "Man needs tight ass to fuck." or "Cocks sucked here nightly." Everybody drank beer; it caused you to piss a lot. Sometimes you could wait an hour to get into the john. The place smelled of sweat and leather and grease and beer; smoke hung in tattered patches licking the ceiling. Across the chests of the painted men who stared so intently were the words, "Marlboro Country."

The Demolition Jockey's rig stood motionless. The wind was picking up, blowing in from the Bay, swirling in little circles poking around in the grit. Particles of fog were absorbed in the dust; beads of moisture formed on the bricks.

Pieces of lath shatter beneath the boots of a guy wearing a cowboy hat as he walks through the wreckage. Time seems oddly fused; tenses coalesce; the cool dudes survey the scene; somewhere in the distance a jukebox is playing.





Two round, solid lobes, lean and muscular, the ass of an athlete. As the young player saunters away, cocky and self-assured, he lets his rump protrude defiantly and temptingly. All eyes turn to watch his movements. He, nonchalant and thoroughly self-possessed, enjoys the stares as he enjoys his graceful stride, the strutting of a peacock.

His lithe, lean flesh wears so easily. His aristocratic bearing and naturally assumed superiority attract all. They are all his admirers, ready to worship at his feet, waiting for the word that will allow them to cater to his every whim. He basks in their adulation but feigns indifference.

The ass of a handsome young male athlete is such a beautiful thing! Here is the seat of his authority, the backside which he can condescendingly turn and show to the world as he looks about himself to other things. He stands triumphantly with one leg propped on a stool, poised as he scratches his calf and deliberately flexes the muscles of his ass. "Ahhhh," they gasp at the rippling in his pantseat. They come closer to see more carefully, more clearly. They look timidly, as he turns his body obliquely and faces them with the confident air of the victor about to demand the spoils.

He knows that all are his slaves, and he savors the moment. He could order them, all of them, to strip and lie at his feet. He knows that they would do so without a whimper, delighted, thrilled with the delirium of anticipation. He would let down his pants then, and let them feast upon the sight of his manliness before squatting over the face of each and letting the hot, bilious fluid ooze out, drenching them with the golden waste of his divine being.

He would use each face as his throne, grinding his royal back face into each front face, leaving his sovereign imprint upon all. He would demand that each tongue work its way deftly up into his deliciously soft and smooth orifice and as the tongue gladly did its task, he would nonchalantly cut air and let the primordial substance of his being escape into the hungry, gaping mouth of his worshipper.

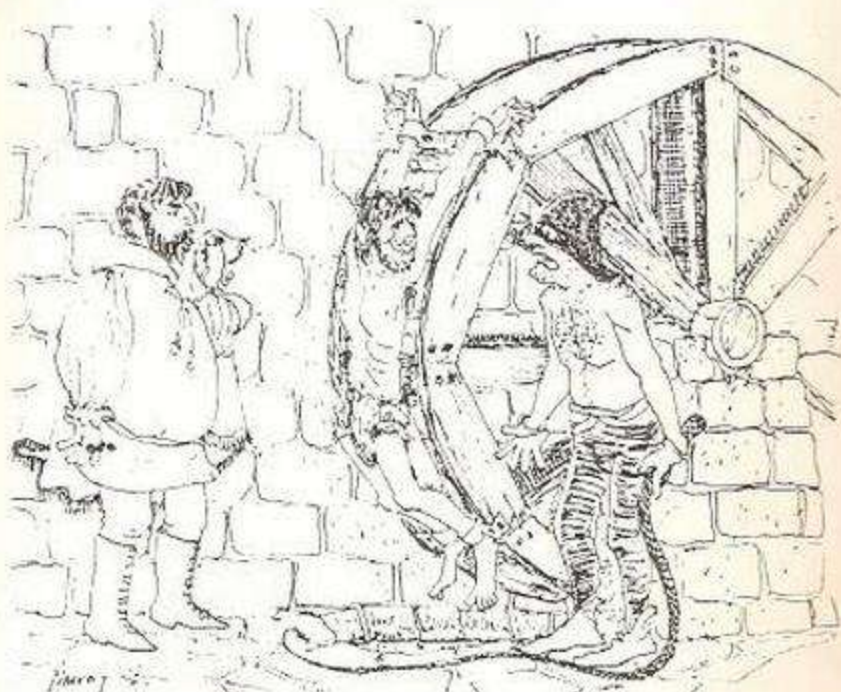
Many would minister to his holy body at the same time, all licking in unison to the rhythm of his throbbing pulse. But only one would be allowed to penetrate the profound inner recesses of that intersecting point of phallic virility and sadistic suffusion. This fortunate slave, The Chosen One, would thereafter devote himself to licking the anus of his Lord.

How magnificent is our Achilles! What an unspeakable joy to be allowed to lose oneself in the depths of such a warrior! How warm and reassuring to have the privilege of sharing the deep, dark secrets of his nobility!

And he, with his two round, solid lobes, would enjoy this devotion as his due, neat and proper, having only to let his buttocks gyrate ever so slightly to speak his beautiful words of manly domination.

Submitted by Anonymous
Edited by Sidney Charles

DRUM BEATS

"What are we going to do with this guy?
Every time we work him over, he has an orgasm!"

"I will be bold and unafraid,
And great with high endeavour,
And all the trumpets men have made
And all the drums that men have played,
They shall be mine forever.

There'll be a noise, a mighty noise,
Of bugling and drumming
When I go out to Jericho,
Across the plains to Jericho,
In the good time that's coming!

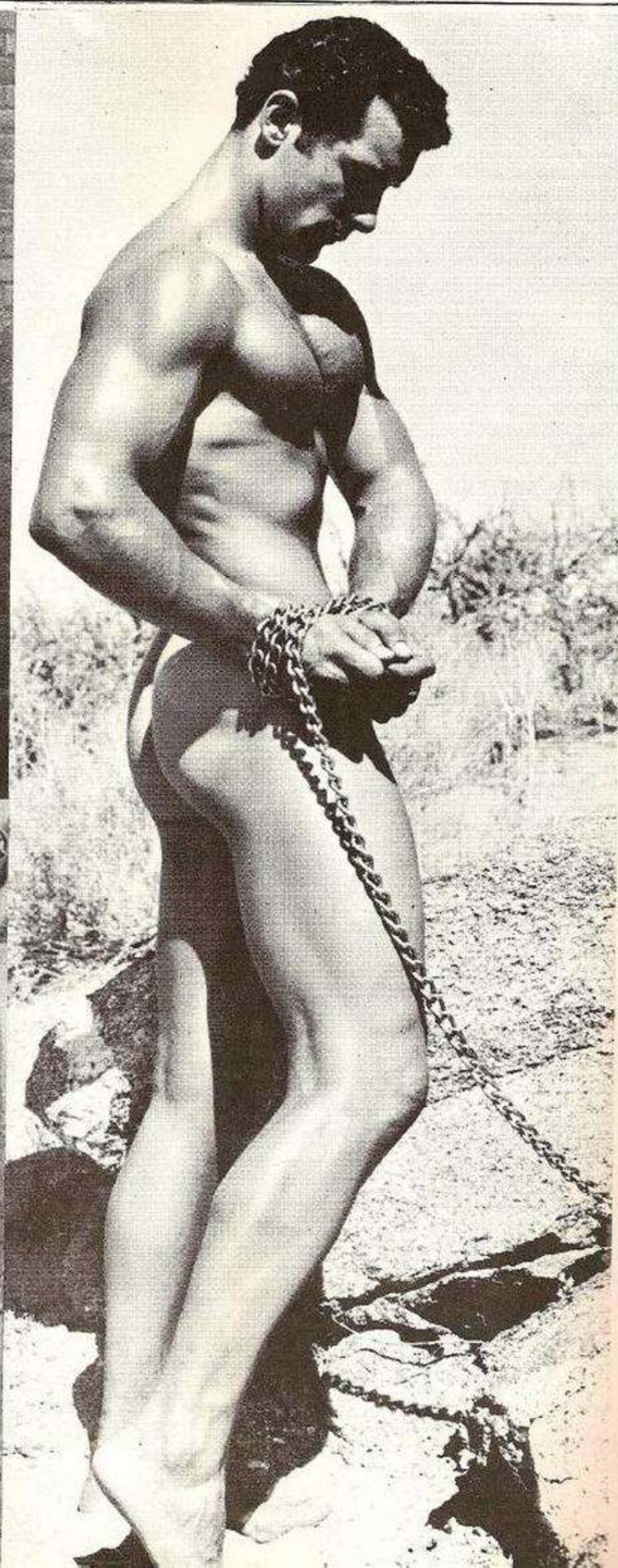
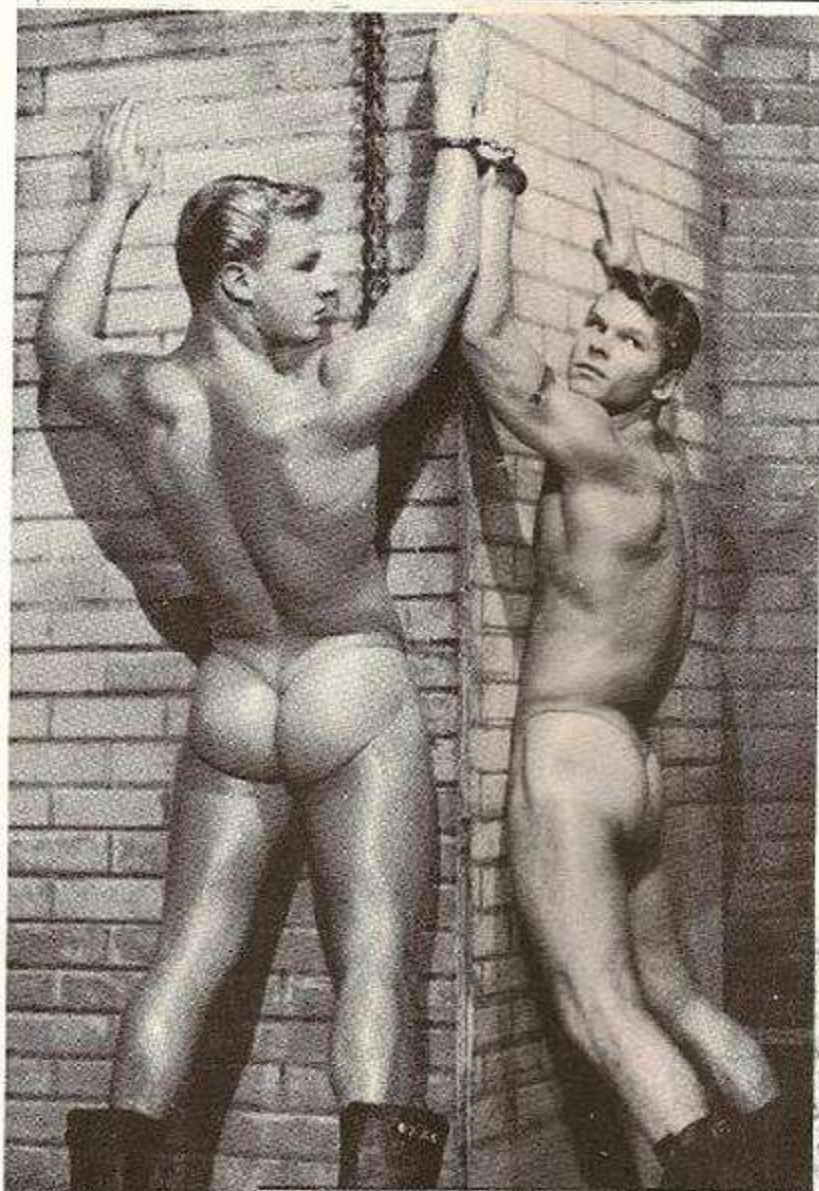
Radclyffe Hall



bud

"HONEST, ALL I SAID WAS 'THAT'S NO COD-PIECE, THAT'S JUST ME'."

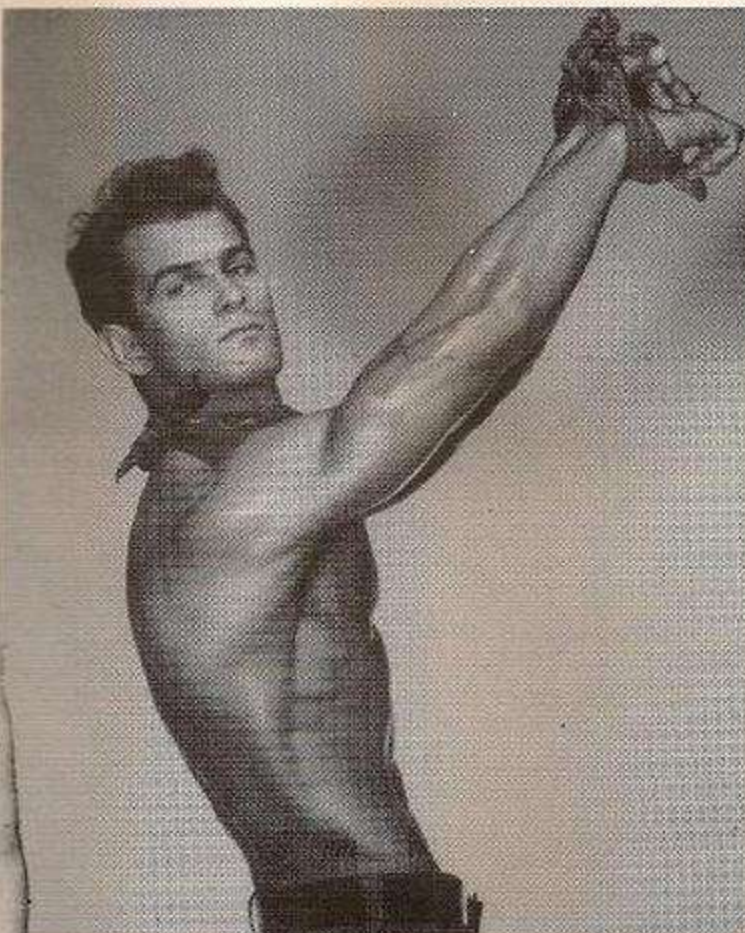
A LOOK BACK AT S&M





(Right)
JUWA LA VONCE
hangs around the
AMG studio.

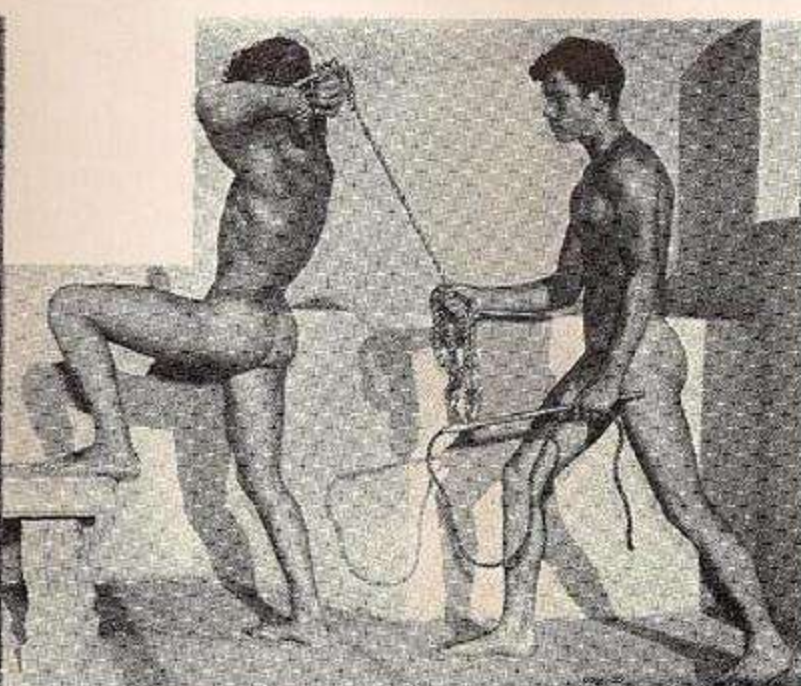
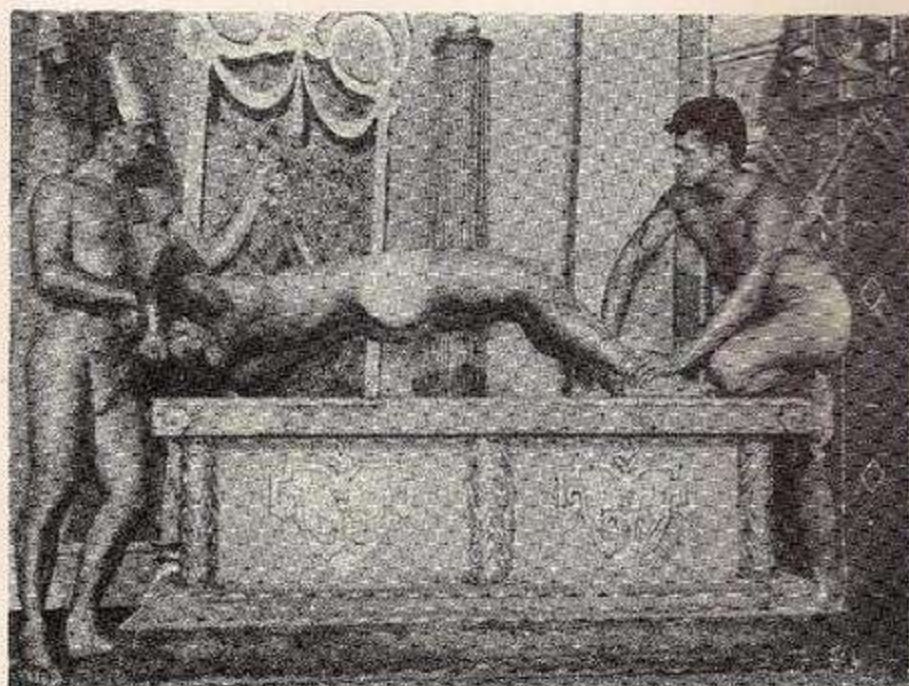
(Below)
MONTE HANSON
dropped his
drawers while
being hazed at
AMG in a film that
had to be renamed
"Acrimony at the
Academy"



The late Quain-
tance portrayed
slaves building
the pyramids and
thrilled us all.



Most of these photos are from the Athletic Model Guild Studios who fought long and hard for the right to show the unclothed male. In fact, they fought all the way to the Supreme Court at a time when even bare buns were illegal. They won and we are much the richer for it. Bob Mizer of AMG says, "Sure we showed the male form under restraint and duress, but we never thought of it as S&M. Guess we were ahead of our time." They were and are, and their efforts are available by contacting AMG, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, California 90006.



Diary of a Slave

A LOVING ACCOUNT
OF THE RELATIONSHIP
FROM THE BEGINNING
BY 3363106

My name is 3363106. I am a slave. My master has ordered me to write my story for the benefit of other masters.

I arranged to meet my master through a referral service. Until that time I had always been on the aggressive side of every relationship and had decided to get a slave of my own. It seemed essential that I find out the proper way to do things and the easiest way to do that was to go as an M with someone.

After some correspondence I arrived in the city and stood on the designated corner, suitcase in hand.

It was a hot night and I was beginning to sweat. My chest hair glistened with moisture, my feet were baking inside my cowboy boots. I was to be met by a black and white Imperial. Images raced in my mind, hooded figures with long black whips and thick heavy cocks. I knew that once I got into the car there was no turning back, no matter what happened. Would I be able to stand whatever torture was in store?

The car rounded the corner and pulled up alongside me. A short slight man jumped out, signalled me to put my suitcase in the back seat and get in the front between himself and the driver. I took one last look at the world and got in.

Sitting in the driver's seat was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. Thick brown hair over a rugged massive face. He glanced at me, smiled and winked. His hand reached over and enclosed my knee. I wasn't sure whether to laugh with relief and expectation of a groovy trick or to cry from disappointment. Surely this was no sadist, not with that warm and open manner.

Little was said on the drive to the house; the driver introduced himself (John) and his friend (Bill) and I recounted some misadventures from the trip. As each mile passed I knew that I was in for a very pleasant and memorable weekend.

My assumptions shattered instantly when I was ushered into John's "office." "Strip off your clothes and let's look at the merchandise." The voice was John's but the tone was anything but warm and friendly. My staff sergeant had sounded absolutely maternal by comparison. I glanced at him a quickly looked away. His eyes were still friendly but

his mouth was tighter and set in a curious smile, as if to see if I really knew what I was getting into. I didn't.

"Are you going to just stand there or are you going to strip, mister?" I began stripping. "Hurry up, mister!" I hurried, and the cowboy boots which had seemed so handsome and masculine now were a damned nuisance. "Get those pants off, Mister!" I got my pants off and immediately felt a sharp burning pain across my buttocks. "You get three more of those, mister. One for every 'Yes, sir' I didn't hear. What do you say to that, mister?" I said "Yes, sir."

"That's better, mister. Now bend over and grab your ankles. That's called the position and when I tell you to assume the position that's the way I want you. Any questions, mister?"

"No, sir." The belt crossed my ass again and I closed my eyes and held my breath. I was not going to cry out at this early stage.

"What do you say, mister?" I could think of a few choice things, but I knew that none of them was what he had in mind, so I remained silent.

"When I punish you, I expect to be thanked. You need punishing, don't you, mister?"

"Yes, sir; I think so, sir."

"You what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I want to be thanked for each stroke beginning now." And he gave me three reasons to be extremely vocal about my gratitude.

"His ass is beginning to get red." The voice was Bill's. I had forgotten he was in the room.

"You want him? Fuck him. Bend over, mister, with your hands against the wall and get fucked." I felt Bill's hands roaming over my ass, separating the cheeks, probing with his finger. I heard the door open and close and realized that John had left the room. Bill dropped his trousers and his cock fumbled against my ass. Suddenly I was aware that he had slipped inside and was moving; he shuddered and moved out. I had not even felt him in me. He grabbed my nipples and began telling me about slaves he had had and how envious he had been of them. Something in his tone warned me that he was not to be completely trusted. His hands began to pull and twist my nipples, but I knew I must not react or move.

Just then the door opened. John was back. "How's my new slave, Bill?" I heard the question and waited for the answer; somehow I felt a lot depended on Bill's evaluation. "He's a good fuck."

"I knew he would be. Are you a good cock-sucking slave, mister?"

"I hope so, sir." The answer came automatically and truthfully. He stood me up, placed his arms around me and kissed me full on the mouth. His tongue asked me a silent question and my body responded. I wanted to please this beautiful master, this gentle man who knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it.

His hands reached down and unbuttoned his Levis; he pulled his cock out and I knew that when he was inside me I would know I had been fucked.

He snapped his fingers. "Let's see you be a good cock-sucking slave, mister." I took his massive cock into my mouth and felt it grow, pressing into the back of my throat. I gagged and felt my stomach contract from the pressure. He laughed. "You're trying but we have some work to do in that department."

He pulled out slightly and let me take the cock at my own speed, pushing it in slightly farther each time. His balls were heavy in my hand and I felt them pull up close to his body. His stomach contracted and his cock pulsed in my mouth. Suddenly he pulled himself out. "Plenty of time for that later; now we have to get you ready for company."

I responded "Yes, sir" but my mind was already conjuring up possibilities. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me full again. "If you are truly my slave, you must do as I say without question. I'll see that nothing hurts you." For the first time since we had entered the house, I looked at his face directly and realized that I had found the perfect master. And he wanted me as a slave. There was nothing I could say to express my happiness except "I'll be the best slave you ever had, sir."

He held me away from him, buttoned his trousers and walked into the closet. "What shall he be tonight, Bill?" He brought out a wool Marine uniform. "This should be hot enough. Put on those trousers." I took the heavy pants from him and put them on, realizing that I had not

thought of my cock since I had arrived. It hung in a state of semi-erection and in no immediate danger of coming. My sensations had been in other parts of my body and mainly in my mind. I was to find this the normal pattern. "Leave those pants unbuttoned and let your prick hang out. That big fat slave prick is not going to be of any use to you anymore. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir." I understood. There was no question of my seeking satisfaction in that way unless my master wanted it. Without knowing it I had progressed from a would-be master to a dedicated slave in a matter of hours.

NEXT ISSUE

My master instructed me to put on the jacket and hat. The jacket was several sizes too small so he left it unbuttoned also.

"Stand at attention, slave."

I stuck out my chest as far as it would go. He took hold of my right nipple and placed something on it that caused a rather dull sensation. Then he repeated it with the left one. I could see what looked like fashioned wooden clothespins. I felt momentarily disappointed. I knew they were supposed to be more of a sensation. What I didn't know was that the weight of them caused a constantly increasing discomfort. Before very long I was extremely aware of them.

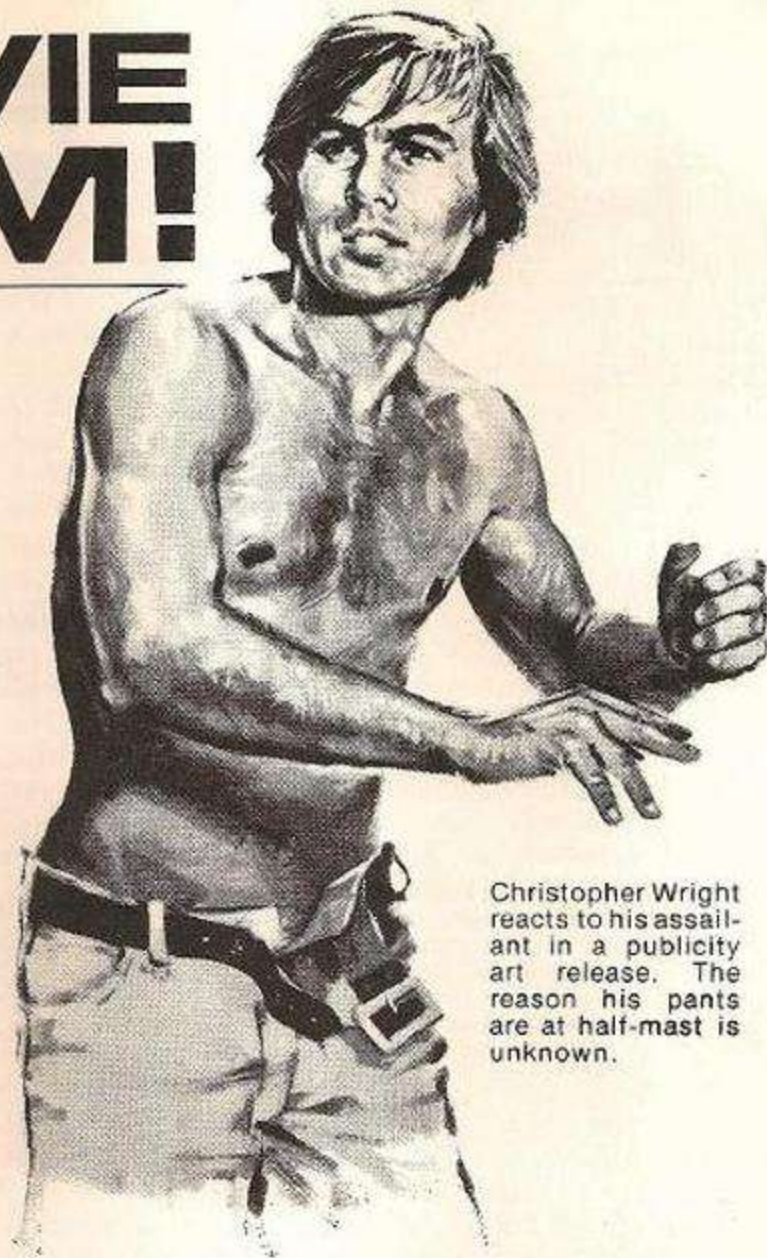
3363106
continues
his odyssey
into slavery
next issue.



Actor Jamie Sanchez plays Angel and is tortured in a playful and savagely real manner by Mapache, the Mexican General.



MORE MOVIE MAYHEM!



Christopher Wright reacts to his assailant in a publicity art release. The reason his pants are at half-mast is unknown.

GLADIATOR FILMS ARE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LITTLE MACHO VIOLENCE. Left, a couple of Italian produced epics, in which our hero in the top picture is saying (loosely translated) "Watch the teeth, dammit!" The group below are into their own scene.



(above)
In *THE LONGEST YARD*, Burt Reynolds is having a one-way discussion with a guard. In the second photo, the guard uses his foot for emphasis.
(right)
Horst Buchholz bares his neck to the executioner in an early European film.

HALSTED ^{FRED}



1975 is a great year of S/M at the movies.....

First we had HARVEY MANDELL playing the lover in "ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE" .. on seeing his wife and mistress talking together he DESTROYS the house and threatens to "CUT YOU" .. then he smashes his fist through a glass door, throws a chair across the room, throws Alice across the room, slaps her across the face and threatens "I'm like the scorpion--you don't mess with it -- it don't mess with you" .. gets an erect 9 INCHES PERRY KING in "MANDINGO" is the young slave plantation heir .. ruling breeding farms, whipping posts, auctions and money .. everything the young stud needs .. his haunting good looks make it all the hotter .. "MANDINGO" roars off with a nigger fight that only one survives .. HOT ACTION as they kick each other in the balls .. slam heads into bricks .. smash bodies .. pulverize teeth and finally take hunks out of each other .. boxer KEN NORTON wins when he takes a 3 inch chunk of raw skin out of the other niggers jugular and EATS IT .. NORTON gets his later as KING boils him in a huge cauldron of water and then pitchforks him as we do lobsters .. for the gourmet tastes .. HOTHOTHOT .. lots of whippings, gropings, hangings, and general mayhem give this movie 12 INCHES on the JOHN HOLMES 14 INCH SLIDE RULE PAUL NICHOLS as Cousin Kevin in "TOMMY" gets a 12½ inch slide for a VERY HOT FAST MODERN scene as he takes the SUPER TWINK ROGER DALTRY and plunges him into the bathtub and strangles him under the water .. strips him .. throws him outside into the snow and turns a fire hose on him .. irons his ass with a hot iron .. hangs him by a huge hook in the bathroom and whips him with a wet towel .. burns him with cigarettes .. what else would you do with a twink who has a surfer's smooth beautiful body and is DEAF .. BLIND .. and DUMB ?? UNLESS it's to be rewarded for your babysitting by mother ANN MARGRET giving you a hard paddle to use the next time the ultimate white superiority film "ROLLERBALL" is now racing across screens .. "ROLLERBALL" is FUTURE FUCK .. and we have a lot to look forward to .. set in the near future it is elegant cinema with great style .. the production is the best I have ever seen in the SCI-FI genre .. nothing hokey and all believable .. set when wars cease to exist because the corporate state now rules .. to satisfy the carnal bloodcravings of the masses (which STILL exist) the corporate states have worldwide Rollerball contests .. similar to the good old ROMAN days .. by now they have run out of Christians so the modern GLADIATORS FIGHT THEMSELVES .. a lot hotter than the old bible fuckers .. HOT STUDS IN ACTION .. doing what they like best .. SLUGGING .. SMASHING .. FIGHTING ..

KNOCKING OUT TEETH .. KICK 'EM IN THE NUTS ACTION !! .. JAMES CAAN is the world's star player in the era of the non-person and finds himself in a lot of trouble .. how can an individual exist in the corporate state ?? JOHN HOUSEMAN puts it together for him as he says the state asks only that you never question management decisions .. simply obey and you are rewarded .. a culmination of the fascist thought of the world that began when the first cave man had a bigger stick and said "you do it" .. well, unfortunately the state soon was born and "ROLLERBALL" presents its future disguise .. CAN S/M EXIST IN THIS FUTURE ?? or are we only to be vicariously entertained by epic games .. like this one where the studs race on motorcycles .. fight with spiked leather gloves .. for a steel ball shot out of a cannon and to be raced into the porthole goal .. with destruction to anyone in the way ?? CAAN'S buddy .. HUMPY STUDETTE .. JOHN BECK .. wants only to smash the little Japs and run over their heads with a motorcycle .. JOHN BECK is a sizzler .. the classic nordic white .. at least 6' 5" .. sexy hairy chest .. big chewable nipples .. solid hard muscles .. I can understand why CAAN was angry when the Japs ganged him and pulled off his helmet to put a karate chop to his brain .. leaving him a vegetable .. (like TOMMY?) .. the game winds up and races to the world finals of New York vs Houston .. and to the ULTIMATE ROLLERBALL GAME .. NO PENALTIES .. NO TIME LIMIT .. that can lead to only one conclusion .. I give JOHN BECK a big fist and a hard 10 INCHES and "ROLLERBALL" a mean 13 INCHES left in unresolved state in the film but questions in my mind is .. CAN S/M EXIST IN THIS FUTURE .. S/M is sexual non-conformity and total obedience to the INDIVIDUAL SADIST by the worshipping MASOCHIST .. SADIST-GOD in the altar of love deeper than death .. IF (as the movie suggests) we are only allowed VICARIOUS VIOLENCE what of our temples of the flesh ?? .. are you as a MASOCHIST allowed to serve your STUD until DEATH DO YOU UNITE FOREVER ? .. or is your only allegiance to the corporation/state and is this not almost HERE NOW ? the present corporate states of the "western" world are as enslaving as the communist states of the "eastern" world .. in both we must fight for our individual rights to erect our own temples and be worshipped and to worship as we feel .. and our love is surely the highest known .. SEXUAL NON-CONFORMISTS are the only carriers of the torch of freedom .. BUSINESS/POLITICS is the EXTINCTION of that freedom and WE as the freely evolving sexuals are the VANGUARDS OF THE REVOLUTION!!!!!!!!!!!!

FRED HALSTED

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA. MS. Libra. 35. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight-acting person. No 40's or hardcore S/M's. Box 161.

MILWAUKEE. MS. Virgo. 40. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 40, athlete or wrestler. No balding, fats, or excessive body hair. Box 330.

WYOMING

LARAMIE. S. Gemini. 24. 5'10". 180. White. 6½". Novice. No role-switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. S. Taurus. 33. 5'8". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Has leather fetish. No one unclear or over 40. Box 062.

CANADA

DORVAL, QUEBEC. M. Gemini. 44. 5'10". 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Occasional relationships only. Box 063.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO. SM. Gemini. 36. 5'9½". 170. White. 5". Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO. MS. Cancer. 46. 5'9". 170. White. Old hand. Must like boots, leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential. Box 088A.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. S. Taurus. 40. 6'. 175. White. 6". Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, tit work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Capricorn. 23. 5'7". 120. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. S. Leo. 49. 5'7". 142. White. 7". Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No feds or under 25. Box 080.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo. 32. 5'9". 150. White. 7½". Novice, seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No fats or heavy drinkers. Box 052M.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Pisces. 33. 5'7". 130. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will service, please and obey butch stud in boots and dirty smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No feds, fats, blacks. Box 081Z.

ENGLAND

LONDON. M. Leo. 28. 5'11". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Box 060X.

NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX. M. Leo. 33. 5'11". 164. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Often in U. S. Qualified houseman, butler, valet. Box 066.

HOLLAND

AMSTELVEEN. M. Aquarius. 41. 6'. 165. White. 5½". Old hand. Travels in U. S., Canada, Europe. Box 275.

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CALIFORNIA

CARMEL. M. Sagittarius. 43. 6'. 170. White. 8". Novice. Has deep desire to please dominant, respectful master. Must be clean. Box 016.

COSTA MESA. MS. Virgo. 34. 6'5". 180. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced master under 30. Box 083.

LA JOLLA. MS. Virgo. 33. 5'11". 155. White. 6½". Novice. Heavily into bondage, not orally oriented. No fats, blacks. Box 071L.

NEW JERSEY

NEWARK. MS. Libra. 54. 5'9½". 155. White. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks training from younger person. Box 294W.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK. S. Libra. 41. 6'. 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks intelligent partner. Not a "Sex Only" type. Box 071E.



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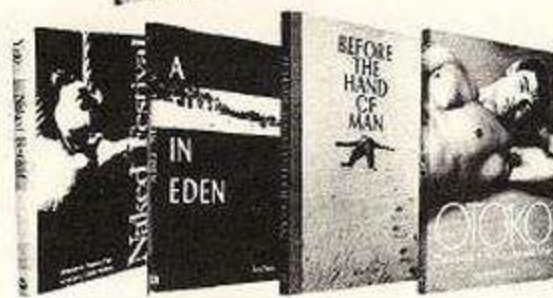


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9⁹⁵

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6⁹⁵

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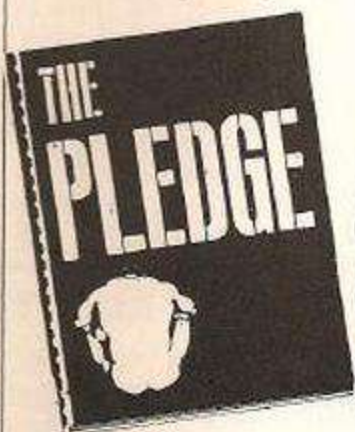


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4⁹⁵



MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Dear Friends:

Absolutely delighted that you've got DRUMMER off the ground.

Having bought and read a copy of "Chains", I can say that you're bang on with the review. Larry Townsend can do much better. The articles by Jeannie Barney are good and her "Smoke from Jeannie's Lamp" is excellent. Robert Payne's article on slavery is well written. However, by far the worst articles in the publication are those on prison slavery and The Leather Fraternity. Come on, surely you can do better than that!

Harry
West Vancouver,
British Columbia

Ed's note: Well, three out of five ain't bad!

Dear Sirs:

Today's publications always present the Master superman sadist as a heavy muscular brute in leather and brutal boots. Actually some of the most vicious and fiendish sadistic masters are small men, slender, delicate appearing, even effeminate

men, who dress conservatively or in genteel elegant high fashion duds with exquisite footwear, well polished, manicured hands, etc. Try to show some of these sinister types in future numbers of DRUMMER. Some of these guys are really demons.

V. F.

Dear Sir:

DRUMMER is an excellent magazine!

May I make a suggestion? In Robert Payne's book "The Care and Training of the Male Slave," what turned me on more than any other section were the letters to the editor from the slaves.

I noticed in DRUMMER that you have many ads wherein slaves, want masters and vice versa. How about stories of what happens when the participants get together?

William
Batavia, New York

Ed's note: Your slightest wish is our command! Please see PAGE 34

MORE MAIL ON FACING PAGE

Gentlemen:

Do me the favor of passing along my congratulations to the guys at The Leather Fraternity who worked on DRUMMER. They deserve a lot of pats (or perhaps lashes) on the back for turning out a great mag.

John
Dallas, Texas

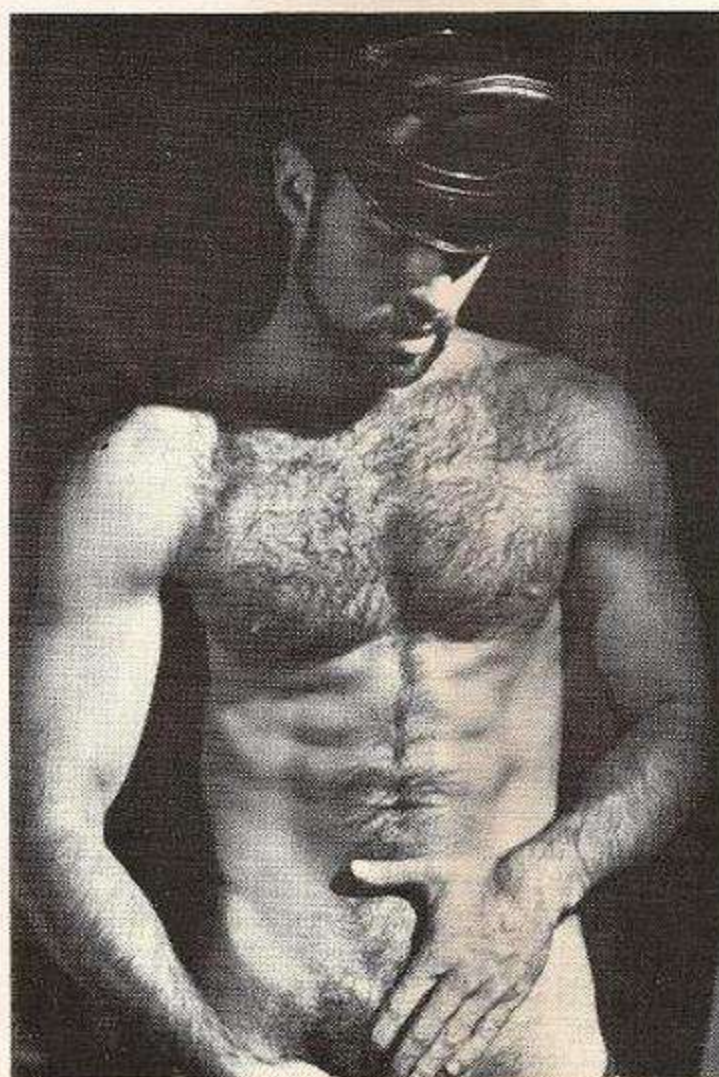
Gentlemen:

Thanks for filling my subscription order so quickly! I can hardly wait for the next issue! DRUMMER is a fine start at filling a large gap in gay publications. I really dig it and want you to know that it has already helped me in several ways, and so enjoyably, too!

Would it be possible for future issues to initiate a "Suggestions/Exchange" page? The idea would be to provide a forum for people to write in their ideas about S&M: e.g. particularly good ways to tie up someone, novel places for sex, new positions, tortures, homemade equipment and toys, etc.

George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Ed's note: Good idea! Readers?



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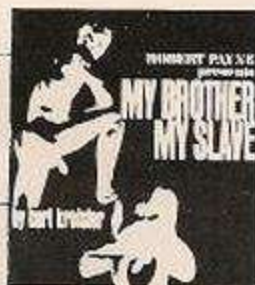
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BOOKS

—Cam Phillips



MY BROTHER, MY SLAVE, Kurt Kreisler (published by Robert Payne, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90029, \$7.95 postpaid).

According to psychologists, narcissism plays a large role in homosexual relationships. Utilizing this view, Kurt Kreisler has written a very exciting and well-executed (no pun intended) story of the domination of one identical twin over the other, which is probably the closest we mortals can come to fulfilling our own sexual needs.

My Brother, My Slave opens with the twins jacking off in front of a mirror and almost all of the scenes include one of the handsome pair watching while the other one has sex. This concept of being able to watch yourself perform is arousing for most people, and Kreisler handles the sex scenes so well that you may not be able to read more than one at a sitting (or lying).

The story concerns the blackmail of the gay brother by the straight one; Terry (the gay one) is forced to participate in t-room trade, a golden shower scene, and a very realistic (if somewhat extreme) S&M session with an entire bike club. The ending is satisfactory and believable and indicates a pro-S&M attitude on the part of the author. The illustrations, unfortunately, bear little relationship to the text but this is a small quibble with an otherwise excellent book.

Letters

Gentlemen:

Today I received Vol. 1, No. 1 of **DRUMMER**, and I must say that you seem to be off to a very impressive start. Your magazine promises to satisfy a long-standing need in the field of gay publications. I wish you much success in accomplishing that goal.

Don
Frederick, Maryland

Dear Mr. Payne:

The members of our club have been following your progress with **THE LEATHER FRATERNITY** and wish to congratulate you on your newest endeavor, **DRUMMER**. The magazine is very well put together covering many facets of the leather life.

We are looking forward to future issues of **DRUMMER**. Keep up the excellent work.

Best regards. Thunderbolts M.C.

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THE PHONE-IES

come, I'll applaud; otherwise, knock it off.' That must have really gotten to 'im, because he's never called back."

What gets people into telephone sex with total strangers? Part of the appeal is the obvious anonymity of the plastic instrument combined with the personal quality of a human voice. Telephone sex lies somewhere between jerking off to porno pictures and going to the baths: that 8x10 glossy can't talk back to you and you can't get the clap from a phone."

There are the spite-callers, people who get off knowing that they're putting you on. There are the lonely people, people who just need someone so badly that even a disembodied voice is better than nothing. There are those who, because of their own insecurities, can't or won't try to get it on in face-to-face or body-to-body encounters. Plus which, — oops! I've got to go. My telephone's ringing... ---Jeanne Barney



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The Leather BAR SCENE!



To the best of our knowledge, all of the following bars are still alive and living in leather. If you, the reader, can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of leather bars in area...or let us know what we have missed here...it will help us keep others informed.

ALABAMA

DOTHAN

The Upstairs, 314 N. Foster

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

Ramrod, 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.
San Carlos Lounge, 20 W. Monroe
The Hideout, 1622 Grand
Wild Willie's, 1622 Grand

CALIFORNIA

GARDEN GROVE

Saddle Club, 8192 Garden Grove
LONG BEACH

Caribbean, 2119 Long Beach Blvd.
Mike's Corral, 2020 E. Artesia
The Stallion, 5823 Atlantic Ave.

LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Griff's, 5574 Melrose Ave.
Larry's, 5414 Melrose Ave.
Outcast, 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.
Rusty Nail, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
Silver Dollar Saloon, 4356 Sunset Bl.
Stud, 4216 Melrose Ave.
The Bunkhouse, 4519 Santa Monica
The Detour, 1087 Manzanita
The Long Horn Saloon, 1342 Sunset
The 1170 Club, 1170 N. Western Ave.
The Woodshed, 612 N. Hoover

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Brewery, 12319 Ventura Blvd.,
Studio City
Frank's Buckaroo Inn, 81
902 Hollywood W., Burbank
The Hayloft, 11818 Ventura Blvd.,
Studio City

SAN FRANCISCO

Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant
Febe's, 1501 Folsom
Folsom Prison, 1599 Folsom
Midnight Sun, 506 Castro
No Name Bar, 1347 Folsom
Polk Gulch Saloon, 1090 Post
Rainbow Cattle Co., 199 Valencia
The Dude, 990 Post (at Larkin)
The Ramrod, 1225 Folsom
The Round-Up, 298 6th St.
The Stud, 1535 Folsom
The Turf Club, 76 6th St.

SAN JOSE

641 Club, 641 Stockton St.

PALM SPRINGS

The Party Room, 67-977 Highway 111

SACRAMENTO

Montana Saloon, 7604 Fair Oaks Bl.

SAN DIEGO

Bee Jay's, 750 Indio St.

Riff Raff, 1005 Kettner

SANTA BARBARA

Thirty West Cota, 30 W. Cota St.

COLORADO

DENVER

1942 Club, 1942 Broadway
Our Den, 5110 W. Colfax
The Alley, 1512 Broadway
The Triangle, 2036 Broadway

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD

The Warehouse, 61 Woodbine

WATERBURY

Rusty's Roadhouse, 1388 Thomaston

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Barn, 305 9th St., N.W.
Eagle, 904 9th St., N.W.
Horseshoe Saloon, 8th at Eastern S.E.
Louie's Spartan Lounge, 305 9th, NW.

FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE

Brothers, 484 May St.

MIAMI

Rack, 231 S.E. 1st
Ramrod, 1001 N.E. 2nd.
Tool Room, 3600 S.W. 8th

ST. PETERSBURG

Sherwood, 7 N. 1st St.

TAMPA

Ohio Bar, 102 Polk
Rene's, 2605 W. Kennedy

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

Armory, 834 Juniper, N.E.
Cameo, 188 Williams at Cain
Mrs. P's, 551 Ponce de Leon, N.W.
Onyx, 341 W. Peachtree, N.W.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark
Pit, 175 N. Clark
Stockade, 700 N. Wells
FRANKLIN PARK
Missing Link, 3011 Mannheim Rd.

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory, 116 E. Main

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Golden Lantern, 1239 Royal St.
Lafitte's In Exile, 901 Bourbon
Loft, 728 Rampart
The Seven Seas, 515 St. Phillip

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Gallery, 1735 Maryland
Leon's, 870 Peak
Shipmates, 1735 Maryland
The Satellite, 901 Aliceanna

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

Herbie's Ramrod, 12 Carver
Shed, 272 Huntington
Sporters, 228 Cambridge

PROVINCETOWN

Ranch Guest House, 198 Commercial
Sea Drift Inn, 80 Bradford St.

SPRINGFIELD

The Quarry, 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Interchange, 1501 Holden
Tiffany's, 17436 Woodward Ave.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Pit, 1014 Oak

ST. LOUIS

Bob Martin's Bar, 201 S. 20th

MONTANA

BILLINGS

Frank's Hole, 1625 Central
The Cockpit, 131 Moore
The Pack Trail Inn, Pine Hills

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

The Diamond Bar, 516 S. 16th St.

NEW YORK

MANHATTAN

Boot Hill, 317 Amsterdam
Boots & Saddle, 67 Christopher St.
Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St.
Dungeon, 835 Washington
Everard's, 28 W. 28th
Gauntlet, 86 11th Ave.
Eagle's Nest, 21st St. at 11th Ave.

Keller's, 384 West St.
 Nine Plus, 149 W. 21st St.
 Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam
 Ramrod, 394 West St. at 10th St.
 Roadhouse, 518 Hudson
 Spike Bar, 11th and 20th Sts.
 Strap, 18th St. at 10th Ave.
 The Anvil, 500 W. 14th St. at 11th Av.
 The Barn, 232 Park Ave. South
 The Cave (ask locally)
 The Gilded Grape, 719 8th Ave.
 The Loading Zone, 568 9th Ave.
 The Plowboy, 1608 2nd Ave.
 The Seashell, 394 W. 10th St.
 Ty's, 114 Christopher St.
QUEENS
 What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave.

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE

The Vineyard, Route 1, Box 593C

OHIO

AKRON

Satan's Inferno, 351 W. Market

CLEVELAND

The Leather Stallion, 2203 St. Clair

TOLEDO

Scenic Bar, 702 Monroe

OREGON

PORTLAND

Dahl & Penne's, 604 S.W. Second
 Other Inn, 242 S.W. Alder

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

Cell Block, 206 S. Camac
 The Men's Room, 256 S. 12th St.
 Pits, 211 S. Quince
 Post, 1705 Chancellor
 247 Bar, 247 S. 17th St.
 Westbury Hotel Bar, 217 S. 15th St.

PITTSBURGH

Edison Hotel Bar, 135 9th
 Rathskellar, 1226 Herron Ave.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS

Entree Nuit, 265 S. Cleveland

NASHVILLE

Jungle Lounge, 715 Commerce

TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI

Odd Couple, 4606 Ayers

DALLAS

Marlboro, 4100 Maple
 Sun Dance Kid, 4025 Maple
 Terry's Ranch, 4117 Maple

FORT WORTH

Rawhide, 4016 White Settlement Rd.

HOUSTON

Exile, 1011 Bell
 Golden Spur, 2400 Brazos
 La Caja, 1104 Tuam
 Locker, 1732 Westheimer
 Mary's, 1022 Westheimer

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE

Johnny's Handlebar, 2018 1st
 Wayne's Deli, 217 James
 The Chalet, 1135 Rainier
 The 922 Tavern, 922 3rd

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE

The Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie

WYOMING

CHEYENNE

Sam's Place, 1600 Central Ave.

CANADA

MONTREAL

Bud's Lounge, 1250 Stanley
 Cafe Regent Apollo, 5116 Ave du Parc
 Dominion Sq. Tavern, 1243 Metcalfe
 Lincoln Cafe, 4479 St. Denis
 Neptune Tavern,

1121 des Commissaires St. W.

The Taureau d'Or, 1419 Drummond

TORONTO

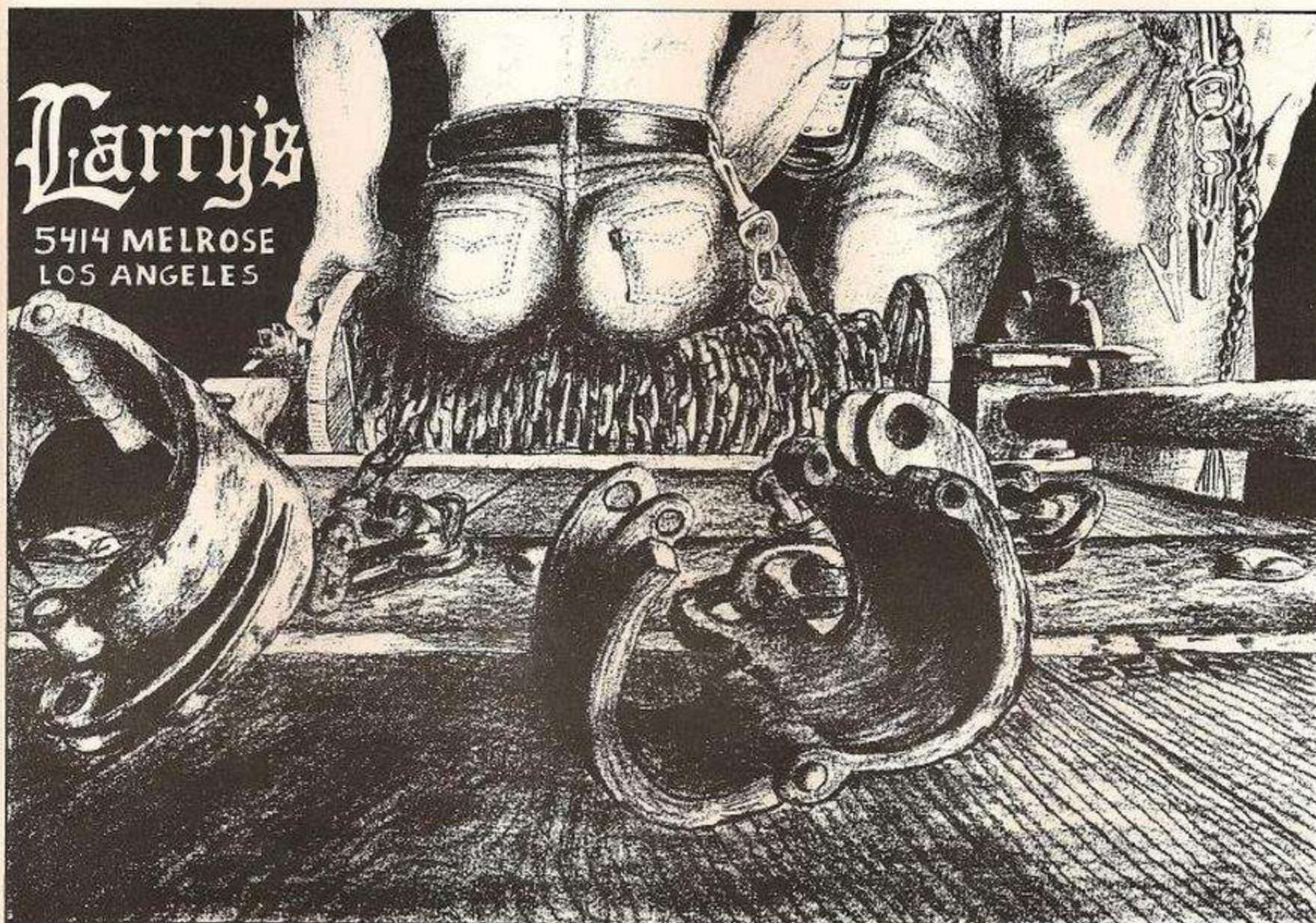
Parkside Tavern, 530 Yonge St.

St Charles Bar, 488 Yonge St.

The Barracks, 56 Widner St.

VANCOUVER

The Playpen South, 1369 Richard St.





In passing

DRUMMER

"They" had said that such a relationship couldn't survive. One of the foremost authorities on S&M had personally informed us at the beginning that it had the seeds of its own destruction in its fabric. And he should know; he introduced us. That advice and the introduction were the sum total of his contribution.

One other: he did call to remind me that my new slave would arrive that night. I had forgotten. The guy was just a name I couldn't remember and my last referral had been a creep. Then someone else dropped by that evening so the one stranger went with me to the hotel where the airport "limousine" terminates. There were three of us driving back up the hill, but the first fellow cut out later and I never heard from nor saw him again.

The stranger stood there smiling, a bit full of the airline's liquid hospitality. He later admitted he was a little bit afraid. I was to learn that there were many things he feared. Certainly me, but even more, himself.

At home, still smiling somewhat, he stripped and stood waiting for me to look him over. He had made a reservation at the hotel, just in case. He needn't have bothered.

His apprehension vanished along with the weekend. And he cut his stay at the convention short to fly back for more before the next week was out. I don't think we ever got out of bed, though I do remember our walking and talking together along Sunset Boulevard one evening when we ran out of gas, so we must have. I also remember that both times when I put him on his plane, he never looked back. Perhaps of the two, only I am the sentimentalist.

Another month went by and he returned for his vacation. It was then that we decided to make it permanent and he was to pack up and move in. He was my slave (or was I his?) and I was to have papers of ownership. I even agreed that we were to be married. Now it was I who was apprehensive. He wanted it all so badly, was quitting his job and home back east, and I felt guilty for not being completely caught up, too. He wrote every day, and called practically every other one. Finally, summer went by and he arrived, bag and baggage.

That's how it began.

Will there ever be a time again that all will be as happy or fulfilled? Now, instead of being two self-contained individuals, together we were complete. I whipped him and loved him. He knelt and he begged for more of both. He cooked and served; I looked down at him while we ate (he wasn't allowed on the furniture). His nude body became darker and his blond hair lightened from the California sun. He continued to smile; in fact we laughed a lot. Private jokes, little things that are funny only to lovers.

Occasionally, there were tears, but not from any punishment I inflicted. There were devils to eradicate and fears to be dispelled. He told tales of other lovers, carried away in their wrath and anger to beat him far beyond the realm of pain and pleasure. I dismissed the thought. How could anyone ever harm or dismiss this golden boy who licked my hand and worshipped at my feet?

We went on runs in the mountains. I showed him off proudly and even made him serve a few good friends. Never completely, that part was private stock. But his standing there, semi-nude in the forest, beautiful and loving, made my heart (among other things) swell with pride, and now love.

I wanted him to know my part of the country. We made a trip back to see his and to meet his family, as he had met mine. The year became a kaleidoscope of shows and parties and organizations and mutual friends -- even the people we mutually disliked. I threatened to keep him barefoot and pregnant in the beginning and I kept my promise. There was an anniversary of the night of our vows and the sun-filled day he came to stay forever.

Then came the sickness. It was there all along, but with my head in the clouds and my cock continually out of my pants, how was I to know? And what was I to do? Other authorities were called in. Other voices heard, all well-meaning, most telling me what I already knew. As I look back, the best I can say is that whatever was done, however futile or inadequate, was the best I could summon at the time.

Love had run its course. Mine, which had heightened since the beginning, was no replacement for his, which had seemingly evaporated. What could have been is no more, to a point that one wonders if it ever really was.

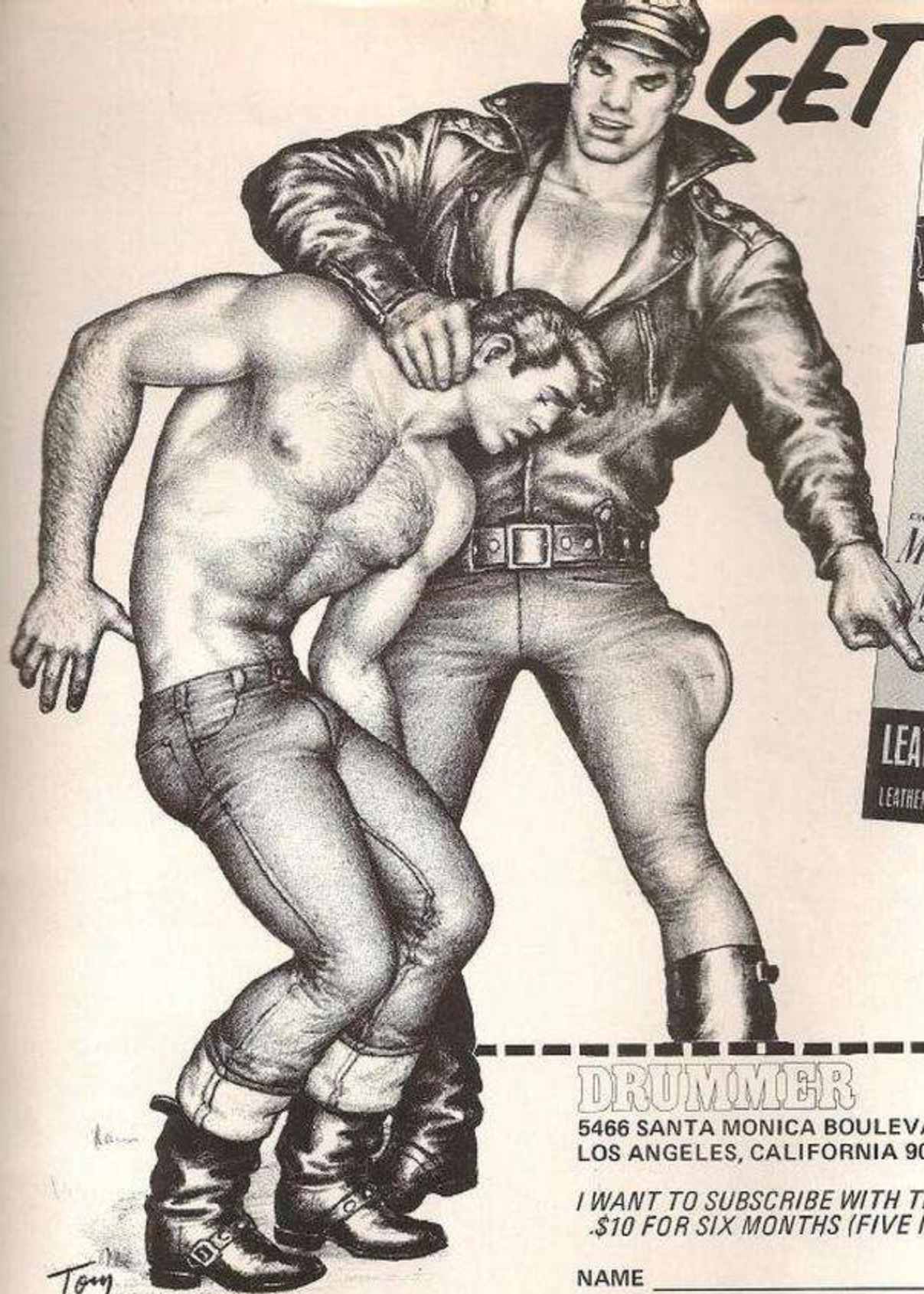
It is inevitable to want to turn back the clock and envision driving down the hill to the bus stop and find that smiling cocksucker waiting again. I think in the dead of night about the sight, the sound, the smell of him and I wonder if things will ever be that good again anywhere -- with anyone else. Could his chains, his leather ever be put on another's body, no matter how beautiful?

Everywhere I go, everything I see and touch is filled with him. The chain he wore around his neck, proudly and without interruption lies carelessly thrown in a forgotten drawer. His letters have ceased and of the constant flow of voices on the phone, his is absent. He warms other beds and his laugh illuminates other rooms. Somehow he has, in his neglect, become the sadist and I the masochist. The tables are turned and the score is even.

If an S&M relationship is more intense, then, like Edna St. Vincent Millay's candle that burns at both ends it will not last the night... But ah, my friends and oh, my foes, it gives a wondrous light.

Robert Payne

GET WITH IT!



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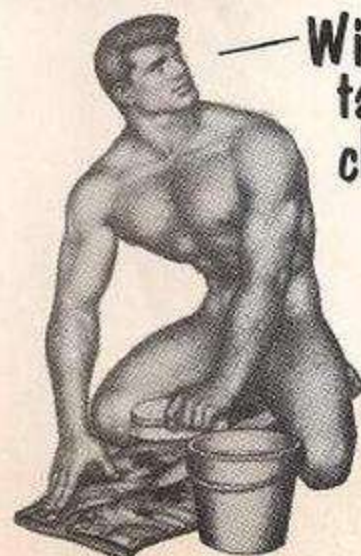
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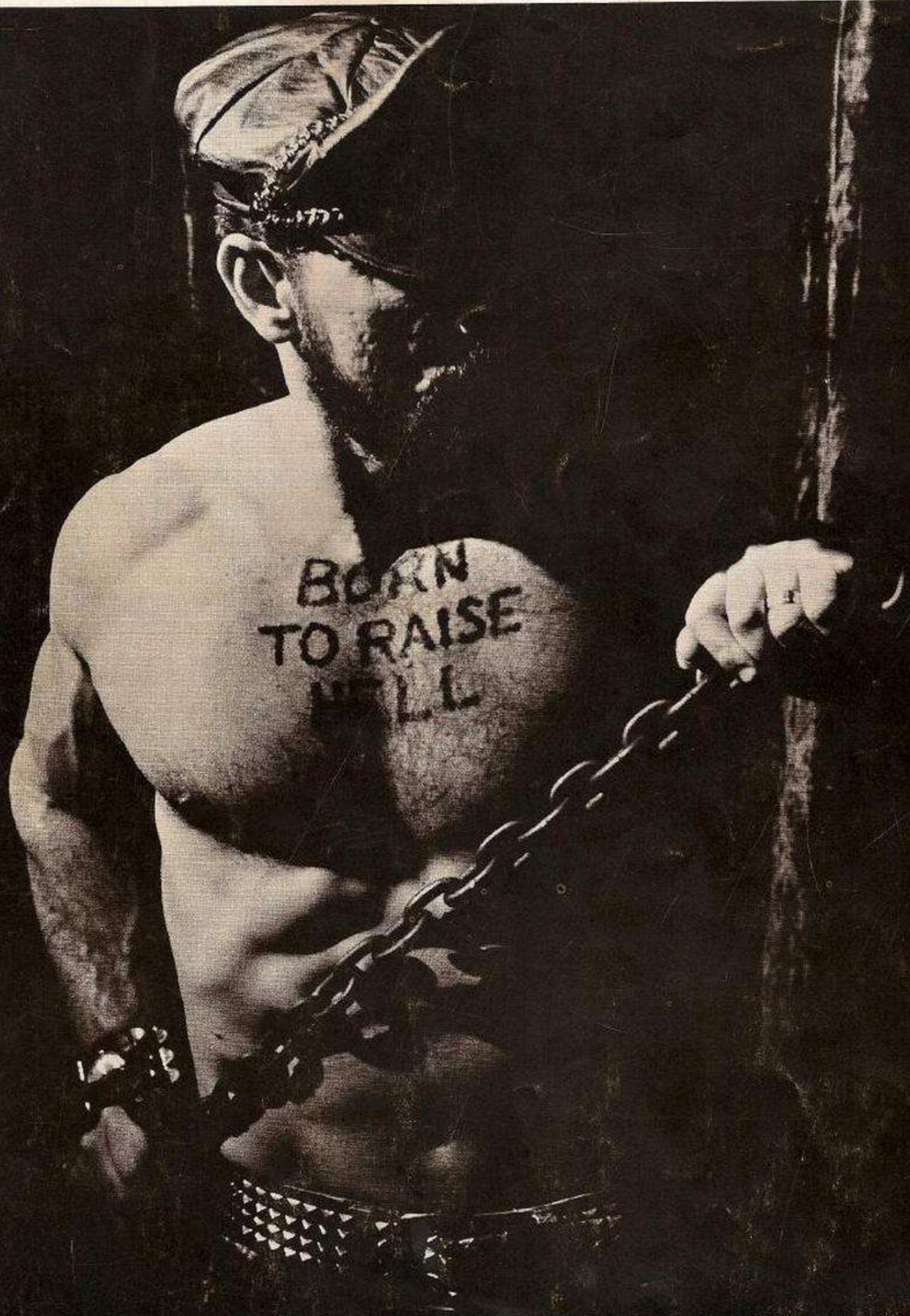
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